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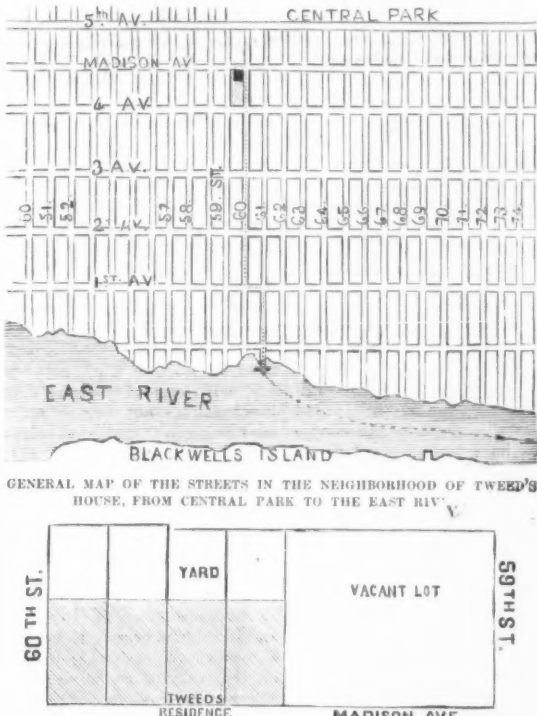
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

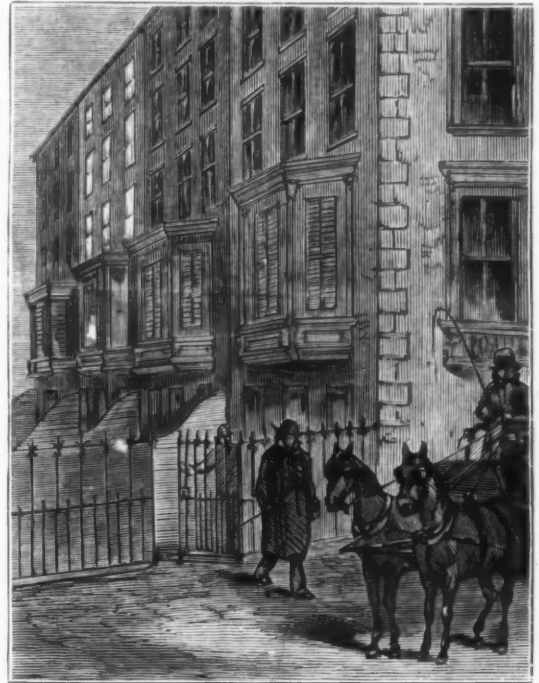
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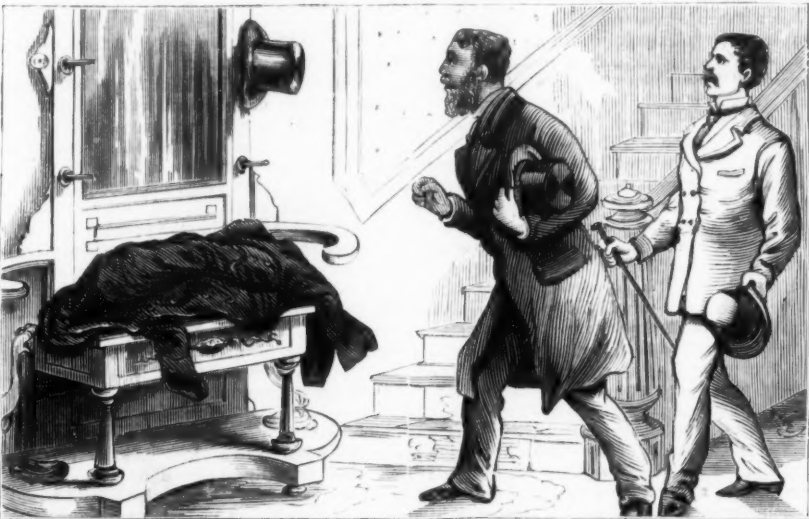
FRONT OF TWEED'S HOUSE, 647 MADISON AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTY-NINTH AND SIXTIETH STREETS.



MAP OF THE BLOCK ON WHICH TWEED'S HOUSE STANDS.



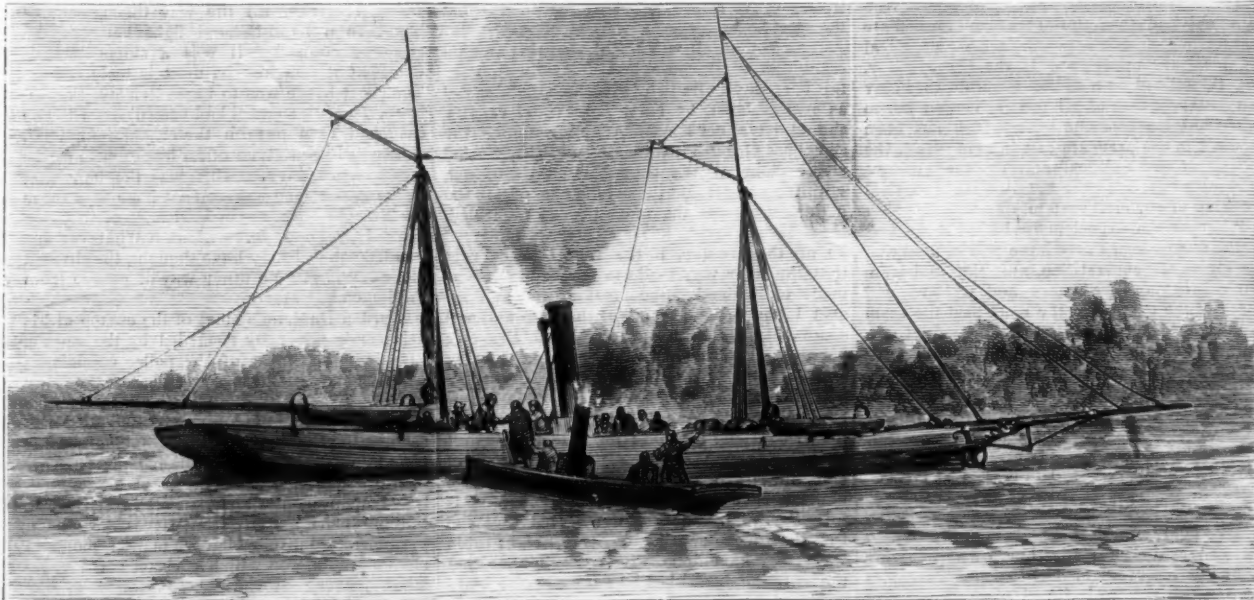
REAR OF TWEED'S HOUSE AS SEEN FROM SIXTIETH STREET.



WHAT WARDEN DUNHAM AND KEEPER HAGAN FOUND WHEN THEY SEARCHED FOR THEIR PRISONER.



THE PIER AT THE FOOT OF SIXTY-FIRST STREET, EAST RIVER, WHENCE TWEED IS BELIEVED TO HAVE ESCAPED BY A SMALL ROWBOAT.



TWEED'S RECEPTION ON BOARD A STEAM-YACHT AWAITING HIM ABOVE HELL GATE.



TWEED CONVEYED TO A STEAM-LAUNCH.

NEW YORK CITY.—WILLIAM M. TWEED'S ESCAPE FROM CUSTODY ON SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 243.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

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## AN EXTINCT POLITICAL VOLCANO.

WHEN President Grant predicted in his famous Des Moines speech, before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, that if we are to have another contest "in the near future of our national existence," the dividing line of such a contest "will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other," it seems to have escaped his memory that, so far, at least, as respects the last named belligerents, the country has just emerged from such a contest in its *near past*. We are forcibly reminded of this contest in our near past by the significant remark of a leading Republican journal in Boston, which a few days ago called the attention of its readers to the striking fact that "the negro has been suddenly shuffled out of politics" by the course which public events and public discussions have taken in this country during the last few months.

We all know the circumstances under which "the negro" was "shuffled" into politics by the Reconstruction Acts of Congress, and by virtue of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. The country, too, is tolerably familiar with the expedients employed by Republican managers in the South for the purpose of attaching the negro element of the reconstructed States to the fortunes of the Republican Party. With this end in view, the negro voters were gathered into secret leagues and armed with secret pass-words, pledging its subjects to the exclusive guidance and control of their self-appointed guardians. The physical servitude from which the negroes of the South had been delivered by the shock of arms breaking the chains of their physical bondage was followed by a mental serfdom under which they were led captive at the will of mercenary and knavish political tricksters who used "the superstition, ambition and ignorance" of the negro masses as political capital of inestimable value for speculative purposes, and as stock in trade which made all things venal in the politics of States subject to the rule of this element. Hence the unspeakable abominations witnessed in Georgia so long as Governor Bullock was able to wield the forces of African "superstition, ambition and ignor-

ance" in support of his gigantic frauds and of Republican ascendancy. Hence the chronic feuds of Louisiana under the domination of Governor Kellogg and General Grant—a domination resting on usurpation and political serfdom upheld by Federal bayonets. And hence the woes which have so long desolated whole commonwealths like South Carolina and Mississippi, in which the alliance between political profligacy and African ignorance has been cemented by long years of public pillage, because in them the trading capital of negro votes, bought and sold in the shambles of a corrupt ambition, has hitherto been most abundant and most completely subject to the manipulation of its Republican owners.

There are gratifying signs that this reign of avarice and corruption, in conjunction with "superstition and ignorance," is rapidly coming to an end in all the Southern States. The presence of a compact mass of ignorant voters, liable to be wielded at the will of knavish politicians, has long been a standing menace and a burning shame to our political institutions. Under the blighting shadow of such a misrule the very institutes of civilization have dwindled and perished, until to-day the problem of "reconstruction," in States like Mississippi and South Carolina hardly differs from the aspects which a similar problem would take in the kingdom of Dahomey. If nothing but the flowers of culture had been laid low by the Republican dynasty in the Southern States, there would have been sufficient cause to lament the circumstances under which the dominant party originally created, and have so long maintained, a conflict between the intelligence of the South and the mass of "superstition and ignorance" arrayed against that intelligence. But something much more sacred than culture has been trodden down in the struggle, for never have civil liberty, popular suffrage, common honesty, and the rights of property, suffered such damage and profanation in the United States as have been witnessed in the reconstructed States that have been longest under the sway of the Republican Party and its allies.

It is, therefore, with a feeling of relief that even Republican journalists rejoice to see "the negro shuffled out of politics." A Kellogg in Louisiana and an Ames in Mississippi are seen to be sources of weakness rather than of strength, so long as the dynasty of these political tradesmen is upheld by the "superstition, ambition and ignorance" of the negro voters upon whom they are compelled to depend for their best support—at least their best support next to the sword of President Grant. And the intervention of that sword has been found such a source of weakness, that even the President has grown averse to its too ready and frequent employment at the beck of his troublesome political suzerains in the Southern States.

Every State in the South has been redeemed from Republican predominance and from the dominion of "superstition, ambition and ignorance" on which that predominance was based, except the States of Louisiana and South Carolina, and in these the forces of a long coalition between political rapacity and popular debasement has been curbed if not entirely broken. In Louisiana they have been curbed by the compromise concerted under the patronage of a Congressional Committee. In South Carolina they have been curbed by what seem the honest efforts of the Republican Governor Chamberlain to restrain, as far as possible, the audacity of his ignorant and profligate confederates. Everywhere there are cheering signs that the "color line" has ceased to be a dividing line between the voting population of the South. Even the negroes of the South have ceased to work blindly and contentedly in the traces of the political taskmasters who have hitherto converted them into political beasts of burden.

The political aspects of this revulsion in the South have naturally come to excite solicitude in the minds of the Republican leaders, who look only to the attainment of immediate results in "practical politics," as "practical politics" are understood at the present day. But thoughtful men in the Republican Party and patriotic men of all parties cannot fail to rejoice at the consummation which has been reached in the premises as removing from the sphere of our political activity the greatest scandal which has ever befallen the practical working of our civil system.

Whether the experience which the leaders of the Republican Party have had in arraying the forces of "superstition, ambition and ignorance" against the peace and welfare and honor of the country in the near past fits them to volunteer their services for the conduct of a campaign against these same forces in "the near future," is a question which we must forbear to discuss. To ask such a question is to answer it.

## ENGLAND AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE bold and dashing manner in which England has made her own interests secure in the event of the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire has had a startling effect on all the nations. It is a somewhat curious circumstance that the Suez Canal, the construction of which was so persistently opposed by the late Lord Palmerston, and which for a

time was discouraged by the political and moneyed classes of England, should have become the prize which England has since so eagerly coveted and which to-day she has with so much pride and daring seized and made her own. The circumstance is all the more curious that the motives which prompted Lord Palmerston and the England of that time were the same with those which have prompted Mr. Disraeli and the England of to-day. It was feared then that the Suez Canal project might prejudice British interests in Egypt and in some way interfere with her right of way to India. For this reason, although it was never the reason assigned, the British Government and people for a period looked coldly on the enterprise. The Suez Canal has proved a complete success; and, because the Canal has rendered the control of Egypt more necessary to England than ever, the British Government has paid down to the Khedive four millions sterling, secured a controlling interest in the Canal, and made rivalry in Egypt impossible. Such are the revolutions which are sometimes made by the whirligig of time. We can afford to be just to Mr. Disraeli without being ungenerous to the memory of Lord Palmerston. The times change, and men change with them.

It is not to be denied that England has made an immense acquisition in securing the controlling interest in the Canal. Inevitably the entire property will fall into her hands; and as certainly as she will become mistress of the Canal, so surely will she in the long run be undisputed mistress of the whole territory of Egypt. British forts will be erected at the two extremities in the Mediterranean and on the Red Sea; and as the great Suez Railroad must come under the same general management, it may be taken for granted that Alexandria will furnish a site for a British arsenal, and that the harbor of that ancient city will be protected by British guns. Mr. Disraeli was not so far wrong when some years ago he said that Great Britain had ceased to be a European and had become a great Asiatic Power. The purchase of the Suez Canal is the first grand step towards the realization of Mr. Disraeli's own idea. The tour which the Prince of Wales is now making through India owes its origin to the same train of thought. They are part of the same well-conceived, well-executed plan. England has become fully alive to the fact that India is an absolute necessity to her if she would not voluntarily abdicate her proud position as one of the very first powers in Christendom. Without India, she would sink at once into the condition of a third-rate power. Her prestige would be gone; and her numerous colonies, scattered broad and wide over the globe, no longer proud of her high position, or grateful for her maternal care, would drop one by one from her nerveless grasp. She would be remembered as the mother of nations, as the greatest civilizer since the days of ancient Rome; but her pride would be low in the dust, her fame tarnished, her glory a thing of the past. This the nation now fully understands; and the visit of the Prince of Wales to India and the purchase of the great Egyptian water-way are very emphatic proclamations to the world that India is not to be let go while there is blood in British veins or gold in the British Treasury. The possession of Egypt will mightily increase her strength; and in proportion as it will bring India nearer to the centre of her power, so will it make her hold of that vast empire secure. It will most unquestionably prove a great gain to the British Government and people; but it will be a still greater gain to Egypt and to the cause of civilization generally. Prosperity will revisit the banks of the Nile; and under the benign influences of the Christian religion there will spring up a grander Egypt than the Pharaohs ever knew. Through Egypt will rush forth civilizing forces which will revolutionize Asia on the one hand and Africa on the other. It is a new departure for England. It may prove a new departure for Europe and the world.

It is not at all wonderful that this sudden exhibition of purpose and determination on the part of the British Government, followed as it has been by such substantial results, should have occasioned a flutter among the so-called Great Powers. France is flurried and excited at the thought that the Canal, with the construction of which she of all the nationalities was the most directly identified, is hopelessly lost to her. Her irritation must be all the greater, if the report be correct that the offer was made to her before it was made to England. She must regret, and regret bitterly, the absence of that fine national sentiment, that keen appreciation of France's position and duty, which was never wanting on the part of the Government during the whole history of the Empire. Russia seems most annoyed. As yet she has spoken with moderation and caution; but it is not difficult to perceive that she feels the humiliation of being outwitted and taken by surprise. The importance of the acquisition to England is fully admitted, and it is not denied that the British Government had a perfect right to do what they have done. It is only hinted that the bargain should not be finally closed without an international arrangement. The presence of the Russian Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, at Berlin is eminently suggestive. He has been closeted in succession with Prince Bismarck and with Emperor William.

Of course he is there on business; and it is next to impossible to resist the thought that the business relates to England's latest conquest, and the duty of the three Empires, Russia, Germany and Austria, in the premises. In the matter of Egypt, Germany has greatly less interest than Russia. England becomes stronger in the East, where Russia is jealous of her influence. In Europe the balance of power remains unaffected. What concerns Russia, Germany and Austria, is the fact that the dismemberment of Turkey has virtually begun. England has secured her slice, the only slice she has ever pretended to care for. Why should they not look after themselves? If the Turkish Empire is about to fall to pieces, and if England, which has so long propped up the tottering edifice, abandons it to its fate, why should they any longer resist the inevitable? Why not rather make haste to secure their share of the spoil? If they should cut and slice at will, why should England complain? We have already in these columns been at some pains to show that, in the dismemberment of Turkey, the three Empires were deeply interested. Germany desires to complete the *unification* of her nationality. This can only be accomplished by robbing Austria of her remaining German provinces. For such a sacrifice Austria must needs find compensation; but compensation can only be found among the shattered remnants of Turkey in Europe. Russia, of course, knows her purpose; and we may rest assured she will do her best to make it good. The Black Sea may become her own; and it will not be at all wonderful if she should succeed in accomplishing her long-cherished design of watering her horses in the neighborhood of the Golden Horn. The passing hours are big with fate; and the immediate future promises to be productive of great results. Whatever may be the ultimate result, England is entitled to praise for setting the world a good example. Her latest conquest is the fruit of honest purchase, not of wasteful and ruinous war.

## TWEED'S ESCAPE.

THE escape of William M. Tweed from custody, on the afternoon of Saturday, December 4th, at his own house, while in charge of Warden Dunham and Deputy-Sheriff Hagan, seems to have been less of a surprise to the community than to his leading counsel, Mr. David Dudley Field. The latter deems it a great mistake, and says that Tweed had a good defense to the suits in which he was held to bail, and would probably have succeeded in defeating them if he had stood his ground. The great lawyer adds that the bail demanded of Tweed was undoubtedly excessive; that fifty years hence the demanding of \$3,000,000 bail will be regarded as one of the abuses of the past; and that his counsel, of whom there have been ten or twelve, have done their duty in the defense of his legal rights, insisting that he should be tried and judged according to the law of the land, and no other law. Mr. Field also expresses his opinion that the whole prosecution against his client has been a series of mistakes.

However this may be, the prosecution, notwithstanding every obstacle and all delays, had persevered until the fetters of the law seemed about to be riveted upon Tweed with a final and perpetual hold. The latest efforts of his counsel proved ineffectual. Motion was made to vacate the order of arrest, or reduce the bail. Failing in this, there was an application for a bill of particulars. On the order of arrest and bail question the Courts were inexorable, but the bill of particulars was ordered. This, however, was but a transient victory, for the order was speedily reversed by the Court of Appeals. The same tribunal also sustained the lower Court in refusing to reduce the bail. Meantime similar proceedings, with similar results, took place in regard to the so-called one million suit against Tweed. As the *Herald* remarks, all the way through there has been a hand-to-hand fight between the opposing counsel. It was a skirmish, it is true, but it was keenly, most bitterly fought. The great battle was to begin Monday, December 6, Tweed's counsel had been disarmed. The case had been put on the calendar for trial. Notice had been given of an intention to apply for a struck jury. This was the hair that broke the camel's back. What hope was there for Tweed? He availed himself of the only ground of hope left—flight. Whatever his learned counsel may have thought, the shrewd old ex-Boss saw no other way of escape from the impending storm.

Warden Dunham's story of the escape of his prisoner is generally regarded by the public, as well as by most of the police officials, as "too thin." But however the escape may have been actually effected, the fact remains that the leader of the Tammany Ring has burst asunder his chains and fled. No clue has yet been discovered as to his hiding place. Our own theory as to the mode of his escape, based upon prompt and careful investigation, is illustrated upon our front page. A very important incident of which we make a pictorial memorandum, and which has been noted by no other journal, is the fact that one of our reporters on visiting—Sunday—a pier at the foot of Sixty-first Street on the East River, conversed with a riverman, who informed him that at about "the turn of the tide" on Saturday he saw a carriage stop not far from the



pier and a man get into a small row-boat which had been fastened to it for more than an hour, and then pass up the river. It seems more than probable that this little boat was used by Tweed in order to reach some vessel which was waiting for him.

The legal bearings of the escape of Tweed are of the most serious character. If he succeed in fleeing beyond the seas, and if he be not speedily captured and returned within the jurisdiction of our courts, his sureties in the criminal cases will, as soon as the cases are called, become liable to the amount of their several bonds. In the pending civil suits the case assumes grave proportions. Sheriff Connor is liable for the acts of the warden of the prison in allowing Tweed to escape. As soon as the city and county recover judgment against Tweed in these suits, the sheriff of the city and county falls under obligation to pay the full amount of the judgments; and, moreover, the sureties of the sheriff are bound to see that their principal pays the amount. In the meantime the sheriff can be arrested and held just as Tweed was. But even the importance of the legal bearings of Tweed's escape are dwarfed in comparison with the disgrace that must overshadow our metropolis and our nation if this deplorable escape of a public plunderer shall strengthen and confirm the prevalent opinion that let a man only steal on a large enough scale, he can, by hook or crook, manage to defeat justice. Heaven forbid that so demoralizing a lesson be impressed on the mind of the American community!

### ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM AND THE PROGRESS OF WOOD ENGRAVING.

OF late years the taste for illustrated publications has been remarkably on the increase. No novel or book of travels, or even grave history, is considered complete without its pictorial adornments. In the pages of the crowded daily newspaper it is no uncommon thing now to find a map or other engraving, intended to explain the meaning or enforce the argument of the letter-press. Weekly illustrated journals are greatly on the increase; and in this country, as in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, some of the illustrated weeklies do full justice to modern enterprise, and to the rich resources of the wood-engraver's art. In its ripening age the world goes back to the taste of its infancy. Pictures formed the letters of its first alphabet. They promise to form an essential accompaniment of its last.

This centennial year will mark an era in the history of illustrated newspapers. It has already produced rich fruit in that direction. What we have seen, however, is but an earnest or foretaste of what is to come. The triumph of the illustrated newspaper will be the triumph of the art of wood-engraving. Hitherto they have gone hand-in-hand; improvement in the one has always been attended by improvement in the other; and each has reaped its reward. If the wood-engraver owes much to the enterprise of the newspaper proprietor and publisher, and to the excellency of the literary workmanship, much also is due to the conception of the artist, and to the skill of the engraver.

The progress of wood-engraving in the last quarter of a century has, indeed, been wonderful. The history of this branch of art is as peculiar as it is interesting. It is perhaps the oldest form of the art of engraving. Engraving is spoken of in the earliest books of sacred Scripture; and the presumption is, that the first signets were of wood rather than of stone. It is known to have been practiced in early times in Egypt. The earliest specimen of the art was discovered in a tomb at Thebes, and brought to England by the celebrated antiquarian and discoverer, Mr. Edward Lane. It is a stamp made of wood, about five inches long, two inches broad, and one inch thick. The corners are rounded off, and a handle is carved out of the solid wood at the back. The face of the oblong presents hieroglyphics cut out of the wood, which would have raised figures on the clay. Wood-engraving is believed to have been known in China more than eleven hundred years before the birth of Christ. It was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, as is proved by their stamped coins and their numerous inscriptions on bronze and other metals. In the thirteenth century it was extensively practiced in Venice; and the supposition is that the Venetians were indebted for their knowledge of the art to their extensive intercourse with China. Wood-engraving was largely used in the manufacturing of playing-cards in the Middle Ages. It is not unfair, however, to say that an art which seems to have been known and practiced in the very earliest times was turned to comparatively little account until after the middle of the fifteenth century.

The great revival in the art of engraving on wood dates from the time of Albert Durer, who was born in the town of Nuremberg in 1471. It has been doubted whether in the case of the most perfect works which bear his name Durer did more than draw on the wood, leaving the engraving proper to be done by another. However this may be, certain it is that the works which bear his name are the first really great specimens of wood-engraving. In his time, and mainly by

his labors, it took its place as a branch of the fine arts.

The impulse given by Durer was not enduring. The art never fell wholly into disuse; but for many generations it was of little practical value. It had greatly degenerated when a new apostle appeared in the person of Thomas Bewick. Bewick was born in Northumberland, England, on the year 1753. His two great works, on which his fame will rest, are his "History of British Quadrupeds" and his "History of British Birds." To Bewick must be given the credit of having wedded the engraver's art to the purposes of literature.

With Bewick commenced the great revival of the art of wood-engraving. The full value and importance of the lesson which he gave to the world was not at once sufficiently appreciated. But the lesson was too precious to be lost. It was not possible that the art could again fall into neglect. Illustrated books became more and more the fashion of the times. The attraction of the illustrated books suggested the illustrated periodical; and the enormous growth and development of this class of publications furnishes abundant proof that wood-engraving has become a powerful factor in our modern civilization. It is one of the luxuries of these times; but it is a luxury which is within the reach of the poor as of the rich—of the boy and the girl as of persons of riper years. In Great Britain and on the continent of Europe the illustrated journals have had a marvelous success. They are increasing in number and in excellence. In this country the result has been more or less the same. We may be pardoned for pointing to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS, and particularly to the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. These publications have each a special purpose; but in all of them the excellency and importance of the engraver's art is revealed. What would Albert Durer say were it possible for him to rise from the dead and witness what can be produced by this establishment in a single day? How it would startle and amaze Bewick to see what would have amounted to the work of years produced in a few hours? We refer with pride to our latest triumph—a supplemental sheet with an engraving of a size unprecedented in periodical literature, being 18 by 52½ inches. The engraving gives a bird's-eye view of the grounds of Fairmount Park, the Centennial Buildings as they appeared on November 15th, the entire surrounding country, with the city of Philadelphia in the distance. The block consisted of seventy-two pieces, held together by bolts and screws, and the engraving of it occupied our force of engravers only two days and a half, although the wood-cut represents two hundred and sixteen hours of the most careful work. It was presented gratis with No. 1,053 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We are gratified to observe from our exchanges that it has received the commendation of the press of the entire country, and that by competent critics it has been pronounced not only one of the finest pictures of the kind ever produced in any land, but one of the choicest productions of the wood-engraver's art.

We call attention to this picture particularly because it is an earnest of our purpose to supply the public with a newspaper which shall have no superior, and because it is a proof that we are possessed of the resources requisite to give this purpose effect. Whenever occasion requires, we can concentrate upon a single work the energy and skill of the unrivaled corps of artists employed on all our numerous publications. These Centennial Exhibition illustrations will be continued, and it is our determination that they shall be—like all our other engravings—characterized by accuracy and completeness. It is our wish to render the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER indispensable to every family.

### GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING DECEMBER 4, 1875.

Monday.....	114½ @ 114½	Thursday.....	114½ @ 115½
Tuesday.....	115½ @ 115½	Friday.....	114½ @ 114½
Wednesday.....	115 @ 115½	Saturday.....	114½ @ 114½

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

MINISTER SCHENCK'S RECALL, OR HIS RESIGNATION, is universally demanded by the American press, which, in this case, at least, echoes the voice of the people.

AT THE REPUBLICAN CAUCUS in Washington, on the evening of December 4th, Mr. Blaine was re-nominated for Speaker, and all the other old officers were re-nominated.

THE MEXICAN RAIDERS, who have a contract to deliver eighteen thousand cattle in Monterey, manifestly expect to steal them in Texas. Can't their "little game" be spoiled?

IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS in Greek and Mathematics, held at the University of New York, eleven colleges are represented. One of the competitors, sent by Cornell University, is a young lady.

THE APPOINTMENT OF THEODORE THOMAS as Musical Director of the ceremonies for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition is—and ought to be—unanimously approved by competent judges of his peculiar qualifications for the post.

GOVERNOR INGERSOLL of Connecticut has, perhaps, pleased the majority of the Democrats in that State by appointing ex-Governor English—a successful business man and an experienced politician

—to the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Ferry. But the country at large would sooner have welcomed to the Senate Judge Foster, David A. Wells, or that distinguished authority on international law, Doctor Woolsey, who has lately retired from the Presidency of Yale College.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND PLYMOUTH CHURCH have evidently abandoned the "policy of silence" which was but recently announced as their rule for the future. The public, weary enough of the Brooklyn scandal, are willing to hear the truth of it, and the last of it, as soon as possible.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE has set a noble example, and increased the confidence of the people in him, and in his court, by refusing to become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. "His head is level" when he says that his duty is, not only to preserve his integrity, but at all times and in all cases to remain an unbiased judge in the estimation of the people.

THE REPORT OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY favors the National banking system, but at the same time proposes amendments to the banking law which, if adopted, will throw new and needed safeguards around the management of National Banks. Among minor recommendations, that for repealing the requirement of two-cent stamps upon bank-checks will be popular with the business community.

THE GRAND SCHUMANN QUINSET, which closed the programme of the last of Doctor Von Bülow's recent course of evening concerts in New York, December 3d, is everywhere recognized as one of the finest existing compositions of its class: "melodious, clear, compact, beautifully instrumented, finished in all its details, elaborate in character and perfectly balanced," it can never have been more delightfully rendered than it was on that occasion by Messrs. Damrosch, Bergner, Matzka, Schwartz and Hans Von Bülow.

THE ROWING ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN COLLEGES. At the Sixth Annual convention of this Association, December 1st, at Springfield, Mass., a motion was unanimously carried inviting the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, England, and Trinity College, of Dublin, Ireland, to row a race with the winning crew during next Summer, the race to be rowed in six-oared shells, without coxswains, on the course to be selected for the next regatta, at a special meeting in New York city. July 19th, 1876, was fixed upon for the next race.

THE "SUNNYSIDE" DISASTER.—The verdict in the case of the Hudson River steamer *Sunnyside*—which was sunk by the ice near Poughkeepsie, December 1st, eleven persons being drowned—exonerates the officers and crew. But public opinion cannot hold blameless the owners whose recklessness exposed so flimsy and unsubstantial a vessel to destruction from so slight a cause. Why should not a Hudson River boat, if run at all at this critical season, be as well fortified as a Brooklyn ferry-boat against the suddenly-forming ice of early winter?

THE STATE COMMISSION which Governor Tilden was last Winter authorized to name for devising a plan for the government of cities consists of the following members, who are eminently well-qualified for their very important task: William M. Everts, who is at the head of the Commission, Martin B. Anderson, President of Rochester University, Samuel Hand of Albany, E. L. Godkin, Edward Cooper, J. C. Carter, Oswald Ottendorfer and Simon Stern of New York, William Allen Butler, of Yonkers, John A. Lott, Joshua M. Van Cott and Henry F. Dimock, of Brooklyn.

THE BYRON MEMORIAL.—The appeal of the Byron Memorial Committee, of which the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli is President, for funds to carry out their proposal to erect a statue of the poet in some conspicuous place in London, has thus far elicited subscriptions for two thousand pounds in Great Britain, and only four hundred dollars in the United States. American subscriptions of one dollar and upwards may be sent to the following members of the Committee: William Cullen Bryant and General James Grant Wilson, of New York, Henry Wadsworth and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, who will acknowledge them.

THE INTEROCEANIC SHIP CANAL.—The Commissioners have decided that the Nicaragua route is preferable for it to any more southerly one. They also report that while the Atrato-Napipe scheme has been estimated at a cost of from sixty to eighty million dollars, with a tunnel through a mountain that may swell the expense to a much higher figure, the canal can be built *via* Nicaragua for the "comparatively small sum" of \$66,000,000. It is safe to predict that it will not be built immediately. But the American people cannot afford to let France or England forestall them in executing a project which, when completed, would revolutionize nearly one-half of the carrying trade of the world.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S REPORT, it is said, will contain but few recommendations to Congress. One of these, however, will be important and welcome, viz., that in relation to what is known as "third-class matter," upon which the rate was so unreasonably increased during the last session of Congress. The present postage on all printed matter and packages is a cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce, on all transient matter, so that it not unfrequently happens that a transient newspaper will cost four cents postage, or as much as the original cost of the paper. Mr. Jewell will recommend a return to the old rates—half a cent an ounce on newspapers—but will ask that the law remain as it is in regard to other articles, except, perhaps, books.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS, held at Washington on the afternoon of December 4th, was called to order by Fernando Wood, on whose motion Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, was chosen as the presiding officer, and Mr. Banning, of Ohio, secretary. At the conclusion of an eloquent speech by Mr. Lamar it was decided to vote for Speaker by secret ballot.

On the third ballot 161 votes were cast, making 31 necessary to a choice. Kerr received 90; Randall, 63; Cox, 7; and Saylor, 1. After the result was announced, Mr. Randall, who had just entered the hall, very handsomely proposed that the nomination of Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, should be made unanimous. The motion was adopted amidst considerable cheering. After a recess, George M. Adams, of Kentucky, was nominated for Clerk; John G. Thompson, of Ohio, for Sergeant-at-Arms; L. H. Fitzhugh, of Texas, for Doorkeeper; and James Stuart, of Virginia, for Postmaster.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE TAXES.—Could the history of the Internal Revenue taxes of the United States be written by a competent person well acquainted with the facts, we should have a record of fraud, incompetency, and law-making in defiance of sound principles, without a parallel in modern times among civilized nations. To such a history, it is superfluous to say, the various reports which have proceeded from successive Commissioners of the Internal Revenue would contribute very little. The reports of David A. Wells, as special deputy commissioner, thoroughly exposed the grosser blunders of legislation. Corruption, however, is not one of the things the laws of which are settled by political economy. Where the most unprincipled men in the community are appointed to office it may naturally be expected that the Government will be defrauded of its revenue to an unlimited extent. It is therefore not surprising that over fifty officials of the Internal Revenue have been detected this year in conspiracies to rob the Government. How many scoundrels of the same sort still infest the service who have not been detected it would be futile to attempt to guess. The present Commissioner gives us a long report for the fiscal year just ended, overflowing with information which is of no consequence to any one. "Every tax," says Adam Smith, "ought to be so contrived as both to take out and to keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over and above what it brings into the public Treasury of the State." The Commissioner demonstrates at great length that the Dawes Tax Bill, passed last March, operated for six months so as to bring the least possible money into the Treasury, and the greatest amount into the pockets of the holders of a stock of over 20,000,000 gallons of spirits, which paid the reduced tax and were sold to the public at the increased price. The effect of the Dawes Bill during the eight months it has been in operation has been to tax the people five times as much for the enriching of private rings and individuals as for the benefit of the Treasury. A moderate tax, faithfully collected and honestly paid over to the Treasury, is a lighter burden than a large tax which is wasted in bribery and corruption before it reaches the public chest. There is abundant evidence that our tax on distilled liquors has always been of the latter character. The amount which the Government receives is no measure of the oppressiveness of such a tax.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### DOMESTIC.

AN indictment was found by the Grand Jury of St. Louis against General Babcock, the President's private secretary, for connection with the Whisky Ring. At the secretary's request the President appointed a military court of inquiry to investigate the charges against him, independent of the regular proceedings at St. Louis. Chief Clerk Avery, of the Internal Revenue Department, was found guilty upon the charges of defrauding the revenue in connection with the Whisky Ring, and sentence was deferred, as in the case of General McDonald, until all the persons indicted have been tried.

#### FOREIGN.

AN active search is being made in England for Charlie Ross, and several boys resembling him have been arrested, and subsequently released.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, Premier of Russia, was in Berlin last week, when a conference was held between the representatives of Russia, Austria and Germany upon the Eastern question. Perfect harmony is said to exist between the three Powers.

THE Turkish troops have been unfortunate in recent engagements. An attack upon Abyssinian forces was repulsed, and the Turks retired with a loss of seventeen officers and 1,200 men. The garrison of Govausko, consisting of two battalions, were starved into an unconditional surrender. An energetic protest was sent by the Porte to Montenegro against the participation by that country in the Herzegovina insurrection, and the Great Powers are said to have supported the protest.

BEFORE leaving for the Army of the North, King Alfonso called Señor Canovas del Castillo to the head of the Spanish Ministry. A plan was marked out for the new campaign against the Carlists. The Cortes will meet February 1st, when a demand will be made for the correspondence between the United States and Spain. In answer to the American notes, Spain has promised a gradual emancipation of the slaves in Cuba, increased freedom of commerce, and that when foreigners are arrested they shall have an immediate hearing and legal redress for past injuries.

### OBITUARY.

NOVEMBER 8th.—At Peking, the Hon. Benjamin P. Avery, United States Minister to China, aged 46 years.

" 30th.—At London, England, Professor Thomas H. Key, of the University of London, and formerly of the University of Virginia, aged 76 years. He was best known as a linguist.

DECEMBER 1st.—At Paris, Pauline Virginie Dejaret, the actress, aged 77 years. She was actively employed on the stage for seventy-two years.

" 2d.—At New York, Henry C. Watson, poet and musical critic, aged 55 years.

" 2d.—At Albany, N. Y., the Hon. Ira Harris, a founder of Rochester University, and its only Chancellor; a member of the State Assembly in 1844; Judge of the Supreme Court for the Third Judicial District for twelve years, from 1847; and United States Senator from 1861 to 1867; aged 73 years.

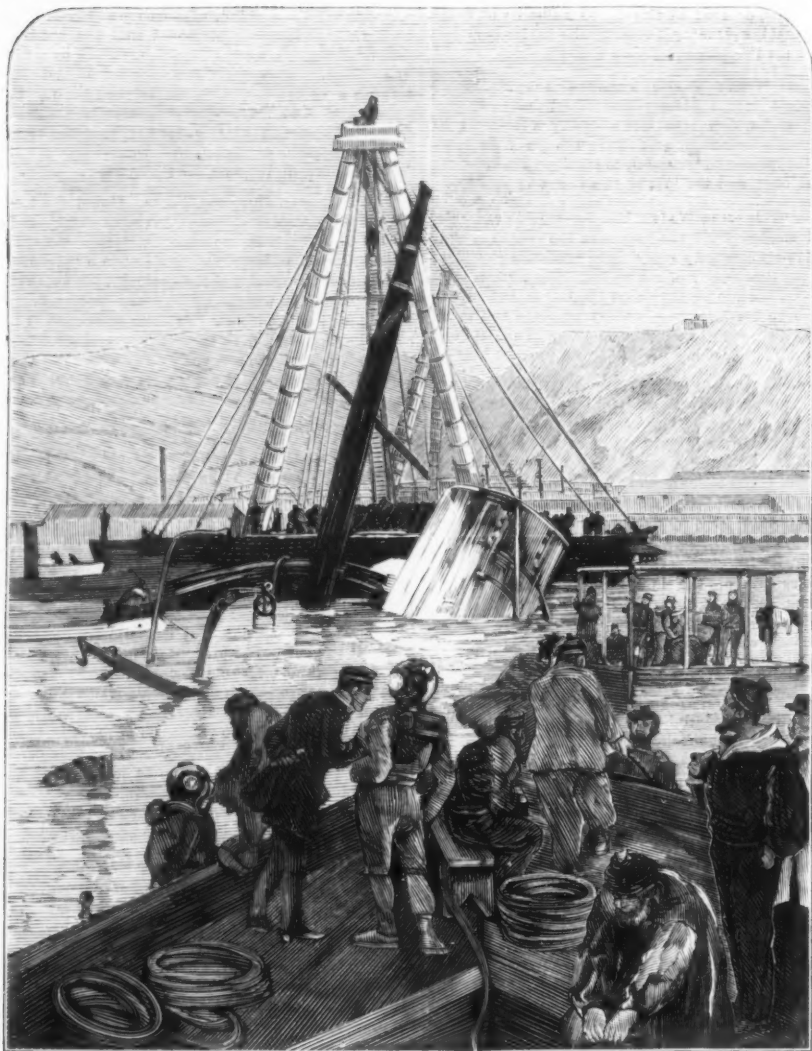
" 3d.—At New York City, Christopher O'Connor, of billiard fame, aged 40 years.

" 3d.—At Albany, Dr. James H. Armsby, President of the Albany Medical College, aged 65 years.

" At Syracuse, N. Y., the Hon. W. Stroud, a member of the Board of Canal Commissioners, aged 34 years.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 230.



FRANCE.—RAISING THE WRECK OF THE IRONCLAD "MAGENTA," IN TOULON HARBOR.



FRANCE.—GROUNDING OF THE STEAMER "CHARLES DICKENS" IN THE HARBOR OF BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.



EUROPEAN TURKEY.—ARMING OF CIRCASSIANS ON THE BORDERS OF THE HERZEGOVINA.



AUSTRIA.—EXPERIMENTS WITH THE NEW UCHATIUS CANNON, AT STEINFELD, NEAR VIENNA, IN THE PRESENCE OF DELEGATES FROM THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT, THE MINISTER OF WAR AND SEVERAL GENERALS.



WEST AFRICA.—THE CONGO EXPEDITION—CAPTAIN BRADSHAW'S PARTY CROSSING A RIVER ON A NATIVE BRIDGE, NEAR LUCULLA.



THE CARLIST WAR IN SPAIN.—BOMBARDMENT OF ST. SEBASTIAN—INHABITANTS OF THE CITY WHO HAVE SOUGHT REFUGE IN A CHURCH.



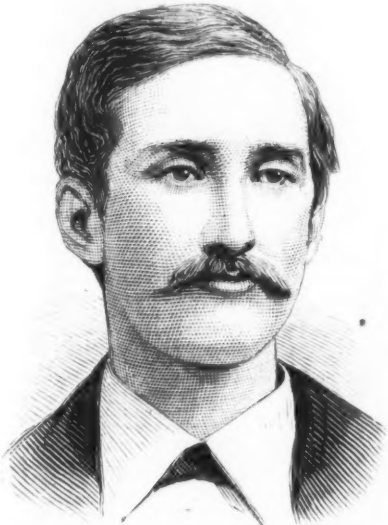
GREECE.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ILLUMINATION OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.



THE LATE CAPTAIN J. D. HOWELL,  
LOST WITH THE STEAMER "PACIFIC."

CAPTAIN JEFFERSON DAVIS HOWELL, the master of the Steamer *Pacific*, lately wrecked near Cape Flattery, off the Oregon coast, with nearly all on board, was born in Mississippi, and was about thirty years of age at the time of his death. He was educated in the family of his brother-in-law, Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, after whom he was named.

At the beginning of the civil war, Captain Howell, then a lad of sixteen, entered a military organization in New Orleans, and shortly afterwards obtained an appointment in the Southern navy as a midshipman, serving in this capacity to the end of the struggle, and always distinguishing himself, whether in action or the dull routine of harbor duty, by his efficiency, faithfulness and zeal. After the war he went to sea in the merchant service, making voyages before the mast to Bordeaux, the Cape de Verd Islands, and elsewhere in the Atlantic. Here again his devotion to duty and his thor-



THE LATE CAPTAIN JEFF. DAVIS HOWELL, OF THE  
LOST STEAMER "PACIFIC."

ough competency were recognized, and he speedily rose to be a mate. While serving in this capacity, Captain Howell was, in some evolution of his ship, so injured as to be compelled to remain ashore for several months, and he accepted a position upon a newspaper then published in New York city by "Brick" Pomeroy. Tiring of an inactive life ashore, Captain Howell obtained a berth on board the Pacific Mail steamer *Ariel* as quartermaster, and sailed from this port in the Fall of 1869 for China. On the termination of this voyage he was, on the unanimous recommendation of his shipmates, appointed as third officer to fill a vacancy in another ship of the same line. Speedily rising in rank, he was given the command of a steamer running between San



MAJOR-GENERAL E. O. C. ORD, COMMANDER OF THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 239.

Francisco and the Sandwich Islands. From this line he went to one running along the Northwest coast, and then drifted back to the Pacific Mail employ, obtaining a ship in that service upon the recommendation of many prominent gentlemen of San Francisco. It was at this period that Captain Howell, writing to a friend in New York, congratulated himself upon having left the Northwest coast,

which he styled as "so dangerous and so likely to risk a young captain's reputation."

But in some changes of the Pacific Mail his ship was laid up, and he returned to that dangerous coast which has since proved fatal to him. In person, Captain Howell was tall and athletic; and in manner, he was frank and cordial, although dignified. His education had been a thorough one, and

he had a scientific as well as practical knowledge of navigation, seamanship, and the other branches of acquirement necessary in his profession.

The survivors of the wreck report that Captain Howell was drowned from a raft on which some of the unfortunate passengers and crew had taken refuge, and that he was the last man to leave the ship. That he would have been the last to leave his vessel, and that he would have done everything possible in the disaster for his craft and her passengers, was a foregone and inevitable conclusion to those who knew the gallant, honest and manly sailor who is the subject of this sketch.

HON. DAVID MURRAY,  
CHIEF ADVISER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF  
EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

THE career of Hon. David Murray, LL.D., as an educator has been marked by distinguished success. While Principal of the Albany Academy



DAVID MURRAY, LL.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF  
EDUCATIONAL AFFAIRS IN JAPAN.

his merits won for him the title of Ph.D., from the Regents of the University; and again while Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Rutgers College at New Brunswick, N.J., his services were valuable in the work of reorganizing the entire course of studies and in otherwise aiding to adapt that institution to the thoroughly progressive impulse given to it under the presidency of the Rev. Wm. H. Campbell. In 1872 Dr. Murray was engaged by the Japanese Embassy, of which Iwakura was the head, to act as Chief Adviser to the Department of Education in Japan, and especially to undertake the care and inspection of all schools in which foreign learning was taught. He entered upon his duties in May, 1873, and has



NEW YORK CITY.—PAIR OF THE WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE, TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 2D—A JAPANESE TEA-PARTY.  
SEE PAGE 243.



been enabled to prepare the way for permanent and far-reaching results.

During his administration thus far a vast number of elementary schools, similar to the Public Schools in our own country, have been organized and carried into successful operation. For the training of teachers for these elementary schools, six Normal Schools have been established, which are conducted in the Japanese language. Here the prospective teacher sees first how the process of teaching is carried on, and then completes his training by undertaking for himself the management and instruction of classes. In six different and important localities there are also Schools of Foreign Languages. These are conducted by German, French and English or American educators, and are designed not to be permanent institutions, but to supply the necessity for raising up immediately a goodly number of native young men who, after acquiring the ideas and scientific knowledge of other nations, may in turn assist in developing the educational and other interests of Japan. And finally the Imperial College at Tokio has been developed from a simple School of Languages into a real college equipped with twenty-five professors, and attended by three hundred pupils who acquire therein an education quite equal to that afforded in an ordinary American college.

Thus the work of Dr. Murray has not been simply that of introducing new and radical schemes, but of giving an eminently wise direction and conservative progress to a system of education which he found already existing in a germinal form. The progressive spirit, in which there is so much of hope and promise, and which the Japanese have shown in a wonderful degree, exposes them at the same time to manifold dangers. It makes them impatiently expectant of immediate and large results, and therefore ready to forsake a course entered upon, before it has had a chance of bearing fruit, and to accept some new change which may be emphatically proposed. The admirable discretion and practical wisdom of Dr. Murray have been of immense benefit to the Japanese Department of Education in keeping its members steadily and patiently at work in the pursuit of what Americans believe to be the best and most productive methods of national education. His influence has been continually increasing in the right direction, and so well pleased are the Japanese with his advice and services, that they have invited him to remain in his present office for a succeeding term of three years. In the meantime they have sent him for several months to the United States to be officially connected with the Japanese Commission to the Centennial Exhibition. The chief of this commission is General Saigo, who as leader of the expedition against Formosa added glory to the Japanese arms. Thus Dr. Murray returns to his native land for a brief sojourn, loaded with honors—having received during his absence the title of LL.D. from both Rutgers and Union Colleges, and having been advanced by the Empire of Japan to a higher position.

## THE CHINA JAR.

### CHAPTER I.

THE Marquis René de Chauvigny rose with a cloud upon his brow, a most unusual occurrence; indeed, he was the last man from whom such a demonstration of annoyance might have been expected. Twenty-seven years of age; handsome, witty, brave, accomplished; the possessor of an ancient name, boundless wealth, and immense estates; a colonel of dragoons, decorated with the collar of the Holy Ghost, having the grand and *petit entrées*, smiled upon by fortune and his sovereign, and with a reputation for gallantry second only to that of the Duc de Richelieu, it was seldom that anything but a smile disturbed the trained composure of his high-bred and classically regular features.

What crumpled rose-leaf had marred the softness of this sybarite's couch? What thorn had he encountered amongst the flowers with which his path was daily strewn? Had His Most Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth withdrawn the light of his countenance from his attached Chauvigny? No; the marquis had supped en *petit comité* at Marley the preceding evening. Had a vacant portfolio been bestowed upon some other aspirant to power? The marquis did not trouble himself with politics, and regarded portfolios with unfeigned, though wellbred, horror. Had he been eclipsed in splendor by some newly-arrived milord, who had come to Paris to lavish his guineas? No; the hotel, horses and equipages of De Chauvigny still maintained their pre-eminence in tasteful magnificence. Had he been unfortunate at play? No; on a side-table lay a pile of notes and gold, the spoils of a faro-bank broken by him the night before. Did the cause lie still deeper, and did his heart, which had stood such volleys of glances from eyes of every color unscathed, at last feel some of the puns its owner had so often inflicted upon others? We shall see.

The toilet of the marquis was performed in silence by his valet, Jasmin, who, although he plainly perceived that something lay upon his master's mind, was too discreet to make any inquiries. His toilet achieved, the marquis, still lost in thought, passed into an adjoining apartment, and, flinging himself into an armchair, continued immersed in meditation, till Jasmin, throwing open the door, announced: "Monsieur le Comte de Noizay."

De Chauvigny rose, and the two nobles embraced in a somewhat theatrical, but nevertheless dignified, manner.

"My dear De Noizay," said René, signing to Jasmin to withdraw, "as usual, you arrive at the right moment."

"To extricate you from some difficulty. I guess that from the expression of your countenance."

"Alas! you are right. I am about to trespass upon your good nature."

"Tell me your troubles, then, and I will try to find a method of alleviating them."

"Well, I will tell you all. On Thursday I was present at the Duchesse de Bouillon's ball, and there I met my destiny—you smile, but it is too true. Imagine, my dear De Noizay, a dryad, a wood-nymph, the figure of Diana, and the face of Venus, two eyes like—But, there, it is impossible for me to describe her charms, though they are all graven upon my heart. We walked through a minuet, and I, De Noizay, I, *Ceffroné* Chauvigny, scarcely knew what I was about. I could not find my tongue to address her, and was forced to trust to my eyes to express to her my admiration. I asked the name of this goddess, and learnt to my horror that she is the daughter of the Marshal Duke d'Herouville. You know him, of course; but you may not know that he holds my family in abhorrence, simply because during one of the interminable wars of the last reign my father advanced with his regiment and carried a post, which it seems the marshal had orders to attack. This action he has never forgiven, and we are barely on speaking terms. Well, I learnt that his daughter had just left the convent, and was residing with her aunt, the Countess de Mortagne. As godson of the

countess, I have the *entrée* of her hotel. I flew there the next day; I flattered the countess; I condescended with her on the loss of her lap-dog, which had just died from a surfeit of fricassee chicken, and promised her an epitaph; I was rewarded with the view of my charmer, and though I scarcely exchanged five words with her in the course of the interview, I am sure, De Noizay, that my eyes have acquainted her with the state of my heart."

"Very likely, but what is it that you want me to do?"

"To suggest some method of overcoming her father's repugnance."

"If your rank, wealth and family are not sufficient to overcome his prejudices, I am afraid there is but little hope. Does he wish for any post?"

"He is Marshal of France and Governor of Languedoc."

"He does not lack money, I suppose?"

"He does not spend his income."

"Has he no ambition?"

"He has retired from public life and devotes his time solely to the acquisition of curious porcelain."

"Porcelain! you seem well informed as to his tastes and habits."

"For the last three days I have studied nothing else."

"What! have you neglected the daughter for the father?"

"Of course not. I returned to the aunt's next day with an epitaph extolling the virtues, beauty, amiability and fidelity of the most ugly, lazy, snappish and vicious brute that ever waddled. The countess was enchanted and appealed to her niece if I were not a poet worthy to rank with Monsieur Boileau. I took advantage of this to say that had the subject been the charms of Mademoiselle d'Herouville, no poet could have done it justice. I was rewarded by a smile, and profited by the pre-occupation of the countess, who was engaged in speculating on the style of tomb to be erected over her departed favorite, to present to her niece a copy of verses praising her beauty and containing some slight allusions to the state of my heart. At first I thought she was going to hand the paper to her aunt, but to an appealing look of mine she responded by a blush, and thrust my effusion into her bosom. I am certain that she loves me."

"But what are you going to do to-day?"

"I have made appointments with all the architects in Paris, and have ordered each of them to bring me half a dozen sketches of a tomb, all of which I shall lay before the countess. She will not know which to choose, and I shall call in every day for a fortnight to assist her judgment."

"Better take them one at a time—they will last longer."

"De Noizay, you are an angel."

"But when the choice is made?"

"I must rely upon my inspiration for fresh ideas, or consult Jasmin."

"Jasmin! Well, then, why not take him into your confidence at once. You have spoken of him ere now as a paragon for strategy."

"My dear De Noizay," said René, lowering his voice, "I have not the slightest doubt that he is already in my confidence, being morally certain that during the whole of our conversation his ear has been glued to the keyhole."

"Very good, but while visiting the aunt, pray what steps have you taken to mollify the father?"

"None whatever, so let us consult Jasmin," remarked the marquis, rising and ringing a hand-bell. After a decent interval the valet entered, bowed profoundly and took up a position in front of his master.

"Jasmin," began the latter, with a slight tinge of irony in his tone, "I am about to place great confidence in you."

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"My dear De Noizay," said René, lowering his voice, "I have not the slightest doubt that he is already in my confidence, being morally certain that during the whole of our conversation his ear has been glued to the keyhole."

"Very good, but while visiting the aunt, pray what steps have you taken to mollify the father?"

"None whatever, so let us consult Jasmin," remarked the marquis, rising and ringing a hand-bell. After a decent interval the valet entered, bowed profoundly and took up a position in front of his master.

"Jasmin," began the latter, with a slight tinge of irony in his tone, "I am about to place great confidence in you."

"I must rely upon my inspiration for fresh ideas, or consult Jasmin."

"Jasmin! Well, then, why not take him into your confidence at once. You have spoken of him ere now as a paragon for strategy."

"Monsieur le Marquis will no doubt permit me to continue when I tell him that if I had that key for ten minutes I would almost promise that in three days Monsieur le Marquis would accept him as a son-in-law."

"Excellent!" cried De Noizay.

"But your plan?" said René.

"Will Monsieur le Marquis allow me to conceal it for a few hours, and also suffer me to mention that I unfortunately see an obstacle to my obtaining possession of the key?"

"In heaven's name what is it?"

"Ah! Monsieur le Marquis, to obtain that key I must first secure the confidence of Bourguignon, Monsieur le Marquis's valet, with whom I am already acquainted, and to secure that confidence it is absolutely necessary that he should place himself under obligations to me."

"In other words, you wish to bribe him?"

"I wish to present him with a slight testimonial of my esteem."

"And you are without the means of doing it; well, I give you *carte blanche* upon my steward for all your expenses."

"Monsieur le Marquis is most generous; I must, however, venture to mention that I am about to expose myself to great dangers in his interests."

"I know what that means."

"To the galleys!"

"As if my influence could not save fifty like you from them! Well, I promise that if my marriage takes place through your schemes you shall receive five thousand livres on the wedding-day."

"I thank Monsieur le Marquis; and now I must take the liberty of requesting the co-operation of Monsieur le Comte."

"You shall have it," said De Noizay.

"Monsieur le Comte will, perhaps, see Monsieur le Marquis to-morrow?"

"Yes, I shall probably meet him at Marley."

"Will Monsieur le Comte mention in his hearing that Monsieur le Marquis, who has become a collector of porcelain, has just received from a captain of his acquaintance the most singular and unique china jar that was ever beheld?"

"But I have no hope of receiving one!" cried the marquis.

Jasmin shrugged his shoulders very faintly, and cast an appealing and semi-reproachful glance towards his master.

"Well, I am in your hands; continue," said De Chauvigny.

"Monsieur le Comte will endeavor to excite the curiosity of Monsieur le Marquis."

"Not very difficult under the circumstances. The chance of seeing anything curious in the shape of porcelain would induce him to travel from Paris to St. Petersburg."

"Monsieur le Marquis is certain to receive a letter from Monsieur le Marquis, asking permission to inspect this jar. He will be pleased in his reply to name noon, the day after to-morrow, as the hour at which he will be prepared to receive this visit."

"Good."

"He will allow me to have his English horses at my disposal the whole of that day, and will permit me to make such arrangements as I may think fit during the next forty-eight hours. He will also order his steward to pay all bills which may be presented during that period."

"But when am I to learn your plan?"

"To-morrow evening I shall have the honor of unfolding it to Monsieur le Marquis. Will he now suffer me to quit his presence?"

"Yes, go; you have *carte blanche*; but mind, no failure."

"Monsieur le Marquis will be satisfied with my zeal," said Jasmin, bowing profoundly, and with drawing.

"Well," observed De Noizay, rising, "I must now leave you. I am fully prepared to play any part in this little comedy; but, I confess, I do not see the object of my being introduced in it."

"I trust in Jasmin," replied De Chauvigny, summoning his attendants to reconduct the count to his carriage, "so now, farewell; I must see my architects, who have been waiting for me all the morning with their sketches."

### CHAPTER II.

THE Marshal Duke d'Herouville sat alone in his study meditating and gazing with an abstracted air at his latest acquisition, a curious antique tea-pot. The marshal was a fine old soldier, the first fifty years of whose life had been devoted to the acquirement of glory, and the last ten to that of porcelain. The passion for collecting curiosities in this material had developed in him a species of monomania. It is true that this taste was a prevalent one in the middle of the last century, but no Dutchman ever spent half so much time, trouble and money upon tulips as the marshal did upon tea-cups.

The walls of the study showed ample evidence of the owner's predilections. They were fitted with shelves like a library; but these, instead of books, supported various pieces of pottery of every size, shape and color, but all from the Celestial Empire—for the marshal considered the productions of Dresden and Sevres beneath his notice. Vases, jars, cups, basins, tea-pots, urns, lamps, models and monsters of every description not only filled the shelves, but encumbered every article of furniture in the apartment. Immediately facing the marshal was a large built cabinet; towards this his eyes frequently wandered, and whenever they did so, a smile as ecstatic as that which lights up the face of a young mother when gazing upon her first-born spread over his features. The marshal was interrupted in his meditations by a servant, who announced the arrival of the Countess de Mortagne and Mademoiselle Sophie d'Herouville. He rose and proceeded to the saloon in which these visitors were awaiting him. The countess, a formal but kind-hearted old lady, and he exchanged greetings with the formal dignity of the age, while the impulsive Sophie threw herself upon her father's neck, much to the scandal of her chaperon. Her sire smiled fondly as he kissed her on the forehead, and gazing tenderly upon her, murmured, "The finest material, and beautifully molded."

"Father," said Sophie, slightly abashed by the horrified look of her aunt, "pray forgive me. You know I have only just left the convent, and am not used to the ways of the world."

"I have nothing to forgive, my child," replied the marshal, in whom the formality of the courtier was tempered by the frankness of the soldier. "I am sure Madame la Comtesse will excuse this little outburst of affection."

"With pleasure, brother. Sophie is so affectionate and winning that one can refuse her nothing. I assure you that I shall be sorry to lose her."

"And what news have you to tell me since yesterday?" asked the marshal.

"Nothing, for I think I told you that the Marquis de Chauvigny has had the kindness to write an epitaph upon my poor Medor. I know you do not like the marquis, but I can assure that he is the most amiable young gentleman of the court. Not only has he composed an epitaph, but last evening he called with a design for a mausoleum to be erected over my poor darling—here the countess pressed her

handkerchief to her eyes—"and I can only say it was worthy of the dear deceased. He has also promised to procure me another Medor; but, alas, there was but one in the world, and now he is gone!" Here she was again overcome with emotion, but recovering herself, continued: "I intended to have the mausoleum erected in my park at Planey."

"The Chinese frequently erect tombs of porcelain. I think a small pagoda would be very appropriate, and I have several models," remarked her brother.

"Oh! father," said Sophie, "you have never yet shown me your collection, and I do so long to see it."

"Well, if your aunt will allow me, I will conduct her to my study, and we will examine the models."

The countess took the proffered arm of the marshal, and they entered the study, followed by Sophie.

The marshal having ushered his companions into his sanctum with ciceronic air, began pointing out to his daughter each object worthy of her attention. There was hardly an article to which some anecdote was not attached, and he did not even spare her the date and manner of their coming into his possession.

Sophie, however, paid little attention to his remarks, but flitted about like a butterfly, gazing now at this and now at that, pretending fear at the sight of a monster, laughing at some grotesque figure and handling cups, pots and saucers. The countess, who had seen the collection several times, seated herself in the only armchair not encumbered with china, to muse upon the virtues of her departed favorite, till roused by her brother, who pointing to the model of a pagoda, told her that he thought it would make a very appropriate monument for Medor.

"The four angles at the base may be adorned with dogs instead of dragons," he remarked.

"I prefer the drawing shown me by De Chauvigny. He calls it a Grecian tomb, and says that a very similar one was once erected over the favorite dog of a Grecian general."

"Bah!" grumbled the marshal; "the Greeks had no taste compared to the Chinese, and were ignorant of the art of making porcelain."

"But they erected tombs over favorite dogs, which shows them to have been a sensible people."

"I have heard that the Chinese eat dogs," said the marshal; and the horrified countess mentally decided against the pagoda.

"And now," continued he, addressing Sophie, "I will show the gem of my collection, and next to yourself, my dearest daughter, the apple of my eye." With these words he unlocked the cabinet before mentioned and threw open the door.

The gem of the marshal's collection was to an ordinary eye one of the most hideous monstrosities that ever left the Celestial Empire. It was an enormous jar, as large as one of those in which the robber captain concealed his band; painted not only in all the colors of the rainbow, but some dozen additional, and adorned in relief with every species of monster that a Chinese imagination in a perpetual state of nightmare could alone have conceived. Snakes, serpents, worms, insects, dragons in innumerable variety, crabs, fishes and reptiles crawled, writhed, twined, wriggled and struggled all over its surface in a wild confusion of heads, legs, tails, fins, claws and wings, and yet in so natural a manner as to elicit a cry of horror and alarm from Sophie.

"Behold it!" said the marshal, with pride. "There does not exist such another in the world. It is a unique specimen of the most ancient porcelain of China, the art of making which is now lost for ever. Look at it, my child, and tell me what you think of it."

"Oh, father!" cried Sophie; "it is wonderful!"—the marshal smiled—"but it is fearfully ugly, ugly!"

Her father shook his head mournfully. "I see they have neglected to cultivate your taste at the convent," said he, carefully relocking the door of the cabinet.

"I shall see the marquis to-day," observed Madame de Mortagne, "and will speak to him about the pagoda; it is a great pity that you do not like him, and for such a reason, too! *Mon Dieu!* could his father help misunderstanding the orders of that stupid old Villeroi, whose head was as empty as one of your teapots? I am sure that Sophie does not share your prejudices. Do you, Sophie?—Come, what do you think of Monsieur le Chauvigny?"

"I think," replied Sophie, naively, "he is the most amiable gentleman I have ever seen."

"Brother," said the countess, in a low tone, "you're wrong to have such prejudices. Now," continued she, glancing at her niece, who had retired to the further end of the room, "where would you find such another *parti*? I think that he and Sophie would make the finest couple in France."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the marshal, starting in amazement, and scattering a cloud of powder around him.

"Yes, brother," pursued the countess, calmly, and with all a woman's love of match-making, "I oppose to your prejudices a name and a descent equal to your own, immense wealth, and the most accomplished gentleman of the court; in presence of



"Nevertheless, he has been bitten with the mania."

"I can scarcely yet believe it. Horses, dogs, arms, I could have understood, but a passion for porcelain! Why, he will become a second Marshal d'Herouville."

The marshal thought this a good opportunity of joining in so interesting a conversation, and, turning to the last speaker, observed: "I beg your pardon, Monsieur de Chauvigny, but did you address me?"

"Ah! you are here Monsieur le Maréchal? No; I did not mention your name. It seems you have a rival."

"In china, Monsieur de Noizay was telling me that the Marquis de Chauvigny is forming a collection."

"Indeed."

"It is as De Chauvigny has informed you, Monsieur le Maréchal," said De Noizay. "The marquis is forming a collection, which he intends shall be second only to your own. He received this morning, from a naval friend, a jar, said to be unique, and, for my part, I can assure you that I never saw anything so remarkable."

"Would it be trespassing upon your good nature to ask for some slight description of this jar?" said the marshal, almost gasping from excitement.

"Nothing would have given me greater pleasure, but, unfortunately, I am forced to leave Marley for Paris immediately. However, I have no doubt the marquis will be only too delighted to show his treasure to a connoisseur of such world-wide reputation as yourself. I shall meet him this evening, and will, if you like, mention to him that you would like to see it."

"You overwhelm me with condescension, Monsieur le Comte. I shall feel deeply indebted to you if you will do so," said the marshal as De Noizay bowed and left him.

There had been a great bustle all that day at the Hotel de Chauvigny: packages of every shape and size had arrived in countless numbers, and their contents had been carefully arranged in one of the galleries, under the direction of the zealous Jamin.

On his return home the marquis, who had passed the day in hunting, found a note from De Noizay, the perusal of which seemed to give him great satisfaction, and, after dispatching a letter to the Hotel d'Herouville, he gave an audience to his valet. The news imparted by that worthy added to his contentment, and, after a visit to the Hotel de Mortagne, he retired to rest in high spirits.

Far different were the feelings of the Marshal d'Herouville, who late in the evening returned to Paris. The intelligence that Chauvigny had become a collector of china, instead of giving him pleasure, had quite an opposite effect. It is true that he had desired such a consummation, but how often does the realization of our wishes cause us great annoyance. He now looked upon the marquis as a rival, and a dangerous one—a young, rich and energetic man, who would spare no pains to secure treasures on which he himself might have cast his eye. And then that jar, suppose it resembled but in the slightest degree the one in his possession! The very thought was horrid.

De Chauvigny's letter increased his uneasiness; it contained an invitation from the marquis to inspect his poor collection at noon on the morrow. Poor collection! why, this readiness to display it to a rival showed it was able to bear criticism. The marshal dreamt that he was transformed into a teacup, and that the Marquis de Chauvigny let him fall.

## CHAPTER III.

At half-past eleven the next morning the Marshal Duke d'Herouville descended the great staircase of his hotel, and getting into his carriage, gave the order, "To the Hotel de Chauvigny."

No sooner had the ponderous coach, covered with allegorical carvings and drawn by the united efforts of six Flanders mares, rolled through the great gates than some very singular, not to say suspicious, manoeuvres took place.

Two men wearing the marshal's livery, and bearing between them a large hamper, entered the study, and shortly quitted it with the weight of the hamper considerably increased, as was testified by the very different manner in which they now carried it. They went down the private stairs, and traversing the garden at the back of the hotel, found themselves at a small door opening into a back street. Here a light cabriolet, to which were harnessed two magnificent English horses, had been standing for some time. The hamper was quickly transferred to this vehicle, and without a word being exchanged the driver put his horses to a gallop and disappeared around the corner of the street.

It was a quarter-past twelve when the marshal arrived at the Hotel de Chauvigny; his progress had been slower than he had counted upon, for no less than three carts had managed to upset before him in streets so narrow that each time he had been forced to make a considerable *détour*. It really looked as if it had been done on purpose.

On alighting he was received with great ceremony by the marquis, to whom he made a formal apology for his lack of punctuality, and then followed his host to the reception-rooms.

"I know, Monsieur le Maréchal," began De Chauvigny, "your anxiety to behold the few articles which I have had the presumption to call a collection, and which, in the eyes of a connoisseur like yourself, a man whom the world has accepted as an authority in such matters, can only appear trivial and unimportant."

"The good taste of the Marquis de Chauvigny is proverbial, and I feel sure that his collection will not belie it," said the marshal.

"Then, with your permission, we will inspect at once my so-called treasures," said René, leading the way to a spacious gallery on the first floor, furnished, like the marshal's study, with an immense amount of porcelain. Before a recess facing one of the windows hung a crimson curtain.

The marshal commenced a careful and systematic examination of the various bowls, vases, jars, plates, figures, etc., scattered over the apartment, and as he did so could not restrain a smile of satisfaction, for the collection, although large, was deficient in many important specimens. This was scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that it was composed of the scourgings of every curiosity-shop in the city, collected and arranged by Jamin. The marshal mentally noted the absence of several varieties of porcelain, and murmured to himself, "I have not much to fear from this young man."

The marquis, who had allowed the examination to proceed in silence, now approached his guest.

"Monsieur le Maréchal has seen the general result of my labors, but there is one article which I consider the gem of my collection, and which I hope he will find worthy of his approval," so saying, De Chauvigny drew aside the curtain shrouding the recess, and displayed an enormous jar standing upon a marble pedestal.

The marshal advanced to examine it, and despite his training as a courtier, and the formal spirit of the age, he could not repress the cry which burst from his lips on beholding the exact *fac-simile* of

his own cherished jar. There was no mistaking it; he knew every ornament by heart, and here they were all exactly reproduced without a shade of difference in color or form. Overcome by emotion, he staggered back and gazed around him in bewilderment; the room swam before him, and every monster seemed to grin at him in derision, while the animals of the jar appeared endowed with life and motion, and wriggled their tails in malicious pleasure.

The marquis, intentionally ignoring his guest's discomposure, observed, in a dry tone:

"I am afraid that there is only one jar like this in the world: the owner of it is unknown to me, though—But you seem ill, Monsieur le Maréchal?"

"I—yes, no—that is—"

gasped the marshal, almost falling against a table laden with gimcracks.

"I see you are indisposed; permit me to conduct you to another room, and oblige me by partaking of some slight refreshment."

The marshal staggered from the gallery, and found himself as one in a dream, seated before a bountifully spread breakfast-table.

"Would it be indiscreet," remarked the marquis, "to demand the cause of your indisposition?"

"A passing spasm; an old crack—I mean wound," ejaculated his guest.

The host seemed reassured, and the meal proceeded.

"Will you inform me, Monsieur le Marquis," said the marshal, who, under the influence of the delicate viands and generous wines, was slowly recovering, "from whom you received the jar which you so justly style the gem of your collection?"

"From a sea-captain of my acquaintance to whom I rendered some slight services, and who presented it to me as a testimonial of his gratitude. He has just returned from China, and he assured me that it is of priceless value and great antiquity. The art of making that species of porcelain is, as you are doubtless aware, now lost, so I have no fear of its ever being imitated."

"But you observed there existed a similar jar."

"Yes; it seems that two were made, and that by a strange coincidence they are both in Europe. Perhaps Monsieur le Maréchal, whose knowledge of such matters is unrivaled, can inform me in whose possession the other is?"

The marshal displayed some embarrassment, and stammered a few words to the effect that he was not quite sure, but would soon learn. And the marquis, after a whispered order to a servant, adroitly changed the conversation, and, amongst other subjects, introduced the beauty and grace of Mademoiselle d'Herouville. Breakfast concluded, he requested his guest to return with him to the gallery; and the latter, in the vague hope that he might, after all, discover some difference between the two jars, eagerly consented.

The curtain had been redrawn, and De Chauvigny, placing himself in front of it, thus addressed the marshal:

"Monsieur le Maréchal, you will, I hope, excuse the boldness with which I am about to speak. Your reputation as a collector, combined with your emotions at the sight of this jar—here he touched the curtain—have let me into the secret; you are the possessor of its fellow. Such a work of art should be unique. There is not room in the world for two. You are an older man, and a more famous collector than myself; yours be the honor of its possession!"

With these words he drew aside the curtain, and displayed in place of the jar a basket filled with the minutest fragments of porcelain. "Behold," continued he, pointing to these fragments, "all that remains of my jar!"

The marshal gazed for a moment in mute astonishment; then recovering himself, exclaimed, "Monsieur de Chauvigny, you are a hero!"

"Monsieur le Maréchal, you flatter me."

"No, monsieur; an action like yours cannot be too highly praised; amidst the petty rivalries too often met with amongst collectors, it stands forth like some illustrious action from the page of history. Monsieur de Chauvigny, ask me for anything in my collection and it is yours."

"Monsieur le Maréchal," replied René, "there is one treasure in your possession to obtain which I would sacrifice all you see around you, and still consider myself your debtor."

"What is it—my green service?"

"No, Monsieur le Maréchal—your daughter's hand."

"My daughter's hand?"

"Yes. Oh! monsieur, it may be presumptuous on my part, but to see Mademoiselle d'Herouville is to adore her, and I cannot resist this favorable opportunity of informing you of my passion. Monsieur, suffer an action which you have just called noble on the part of the son to atone for any error of the father. I implore you no longer to suffer this cloud to remain between our houses. I am no unworthy suitor for your daughter in point of rank and wealth, and here I humbly ask of you her hand."

"Monsieur de Chauvigny," said the marshal, who had in some degree recovered himself, "the hand of Mademoiselle d'Herouville must be solicited with due formality. I request you to renew your offer at the Hotel d'Herouville, at nine this evening. At present I have the honor to wish you good-morning."

The marshal returned home in great perturbation. His agitation was such that he took no heed of surrounding objects, otherwise he might have noticed a cabriolet drawn by two splendid horses, which met and crossed him a short distance from his hotel, and in whose driver had been acquainted with the marquis's attendants, he would doubtless have recognized Jamin.

On arriving, his first act was to rush to his sanctum, open the cabinet containing his treasure and gaze in rapture on the contents. This seemed to compose him in a wonderful degree, and he was shortly able to write and despatch a number of letters; among them one to Madame de Mortagne.

At nine o'clock the same evening, the Marquis de Chauvigny presented himself at the Hotel d'Herouville, which he found brilliantly lit up, and was ushered into an apartment adjoining the grand saloon. There he was soon joined by the marshal, whom he thus addressed:

"Monsieur le Maréchal d'Herouville, I have the honor to solicit the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Sophie d'Herouville."

The marshal then threw open a door leading into the saloon, which was crowded with guests, amongst whom the eyes of De Chauvigny saw but Sophie, and, taking the suitor by the hand, advanced into the apartment, exclaiming in a loud voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you the Marquis René de Chauvigny, my son-in-law!"

MAJOR-GENERAL E. O. C. ORD, U. S. A.,

COMMANDING MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS.

EDWARD O. C. ORD is a native of Maryland, and was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from the District of Columbia, Sep-

tember 1st, 1835. He graduated July 1st, 1839, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant, Third Artillery, which was then at service in Florida, against the Seminole Indians. From 1842 to 1844 he was on garrison duty at Fort Macon, N. C. In 1845 he was attached to the Coast Survey, whence he was sent to California, where he was on duty at Monterey from 1847 to 1849. He was in the actions of Mackinac Island, March 28th, and of Cheteco Creek, Oregon, April 28th, 1856; accompanied the Harper's ferry expedition to suppress John Brown's raid in 1859; and was on garrison duty at San Francisco at the opening of the rebellion. From June to August, 1862 he was in command at Corinth, and, as chief of the left wing of the army was engaged in the battle of luka, September 19th. During the engagement at Hatchie he was severely wounded. After serving as a commissioner to investigate General Buell's campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee, he was given the command of the Thirteenth Army Corps. In July, 1864, he was promoted to the command of the Eighteenth Corps, and with it participated in the operations before Richmond, receiving a second severe wound in the assault upon and capture of Fort Harrison. Throughout the various operations of the siege of Petersburg and pursuit of the Confederate Army, terminating in the capitulation of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, General Ord performed meritorious service. In September, 1866, he was mustered out of the volunteer branch, and in March, 1867, was appointed Commander of the Fourth Military District, embracing the States of Arkansas and Mississippi, subsequently being transferred to the command of the Department of Texas. In his official report to the Secretary of War, dated September 10th, 1875, he reviewed at length the outrages on the Mexican border, showing how American citizens were robbed and murdered, and that the bands of raiders across the Rio Grande were organized and fostered by the wealthy natives. In recommending a vigorous and aggressive policy, he used the accompanying terse language:

"The arrest of Cortina by the Mexican Government, due to the order of the President sending a naval force to the Lower Rio Grande, could easily have been followed up by an attack upon and breaking up of the nests of robbers at Los Cuevas, Guerrero and other points well-known to the Mexican authorities. It seems to me the circumstances of the plunder of the stock ranches on the Rio Grande are almost identical with the piracies committed on our commerce at one time by the Algerines, who fled in safety to their own ports with their prizes. There the offenses were committed on the open sea; here they are committed with the same ease on the open plain. In both cases the pirates found a ready sale for their captures in the ports where their expeditions were fitted out, namely, Algiers and Tripoli, etc., for the Moors; Matamoros, Reynoso, Camargo, Mier, and Guerrero for the Mexicans, and in both cases the pirates were rewarded by promotion and honors. Patrolling the country along the Rio Grande with a view of intercepting raiders before they can reach the river with stolen herds in their possession is as if we had tried to stop depredations upon our commerce by the Barbys by scattering our cruisers along the north coast of Africa with the view of intercepting some Algerine pirate before he could get within three leagues of the land with his American prize."

General Mackenzie and Captain McNally have dashed across the river after cattle-thieves, but orders are so strict that in nine cases out of ten the United States troops are compelled to stand on the Texas shore of the Rio Grande and see the Mexican marauders sail to their shore fresh from deeds of robbery and murder.

Should an aggressive policy be adopted, the record of General Ord guarantees that he will prove a most efficient commander for the American forces.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WRECK OF THE IRONCLAD "MAGENTA."—On the 2d of November active efforts were commenced in Toulon harbor to raise the wreck of the *Magenta*. The cut represents the hulk with a crane which was moored near the spot where the ill-fated vessel sank, and which served to lift heavy pieces of timber and iron. The crew of the *Magenta* joined heartily in the work. Divers were soon successful in recovering a large number of articles, among which were sacks and hammocks belonging to the crew. One man was enabled to go down by the mizzen-mast nearly twenty-two feet below the surface of the water without encountering any obstacle. At that depth, however, he met with an almost impenetrable mass of rubbish. It was found that the vessel had been injured more on the starboard than on the larboard. The stern was wholly destroyed by fire. There was no hope of recovering the plate of Admiral Roze, or the valuables of the officers; or, worse still, the forty Phœnician inscriptions brought from Tunis and destined for the collection of the National Library. This is an irreparable loss for science.

THE STEAMER "CHARLES DICKENS" the grounding of which at the mouth of the harbor of Boulogne is represented in the engraving, sank subsequently when an attempt was made to move it, and completely blocked the entrance to the harbor.

THE HERZEGOVINA TROUBLES seem still to be irrepressible. The Herzegovinians themselves display unexpected persistence and activity, and their neighbors are gradually drawn more or less into the strife. This is exemplified by the arming of the Tscherkesses (who are better known to us by the name of Circassians) on the Herzegovina frontier.

THE UCHATUS CANNON.—The experiments recently made at Steinfeld, near Wiener-Neustadt, ten miles and a half from Vienna, with the new bronze steel cannon of General Uchatius, in the presence of ninety delegates of the Austro-Hungarian Parliament, and of several generals, fully demonstrated the superiority of the Uchatius cannon over that of Krupp. At two thousand paces, ten shots of the former and nine of the latter struck the target in the centre; at three thousand paces the proportion was five to two; but the difference was far more remarkable between the bronze steel cannon and the old-fashioned bronze cannon, which could sustain no comparison with the Uchatius cannon, either as to precision or destructive effect. Even at a distance of five thousand paces the precision of the new cannon was marvelous. The Minister of War, Baron Koller, and the inventor himself, General Uchatius, were present at the experiments. The result was so brilliant that the Austro-Hungarian Parliament voted a liberal appropriation for the construction of new cannon on this system, and Minister Koller concluded his discourse of thanks by exclaiming: "Our army will not be caught a third time confronted by superior weapons."

THE PRINCE OF WALES, throughout his Indian tour, can witness no spectacle at once more brilliant and more suggestive than the illumination of the Acropolis at Athens, during his first visit to his Royal brother in law, the youthful sovereign of the revived Hellenic nation. It was not for the first time that the Prince had seen the Acropolis, with its admirable ruins of the Parthenon and other glorious remains of a renowned antiquity; but he must have been delighted at seeing again the majestic

fragments of matchless architecture, as they shone forth at night beneath the unique and magnificent play of red and green lights.

THE SUCCESSFUL BRITISH EXPEDITION for the suppression of piracy in the Congo River furnished us last week with two illustrations. To day we reproduce another view, showing the party of Captain Bradshaw, of the *Encounter*, crossing a native bridge near Luella. Captain Bradshaw commanded the whole of the landing party when the West African Squadron, under Commodore Sir William Hewitt, arrived at the rendezvous near the entrance of the Congo River.

THE CARLIST INSURRECTION has offered few more pathetic scenes than the frightened crowd of men, women and children, of all ages and every social position, who, during the recent bombardment of the city of St. Sebastian, sought refuge in a church. The engraving shows a group of these fugitives, with the surrounding darkness illuminated for a moment by the lantern of a *sereno* (a kind of night watchman), or by the wax-taper of some passing sacristan.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES, FOR WEEK ENDING DEC. 4TH.

JOHN DILLON and A. Oakley Hall will be the central figures in the latter's play, "Crucible," which is to succeed the "Mighty Dollar" at the Park Theatre. . . . On account of serious illness Clara Morris had to withdraw from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and "Our Boys" was resuscitated. . . . Kate Claxton goes to Boston on the 13th to fill an engagement as *Louise*, the blind girl, in "The Two Orphans." . . . Wallack has secured Charles Mathews's comedietta, "My Awful Dad." . . . "Pique" is the title of Augustin Daly's new play, to be shortly produced at the Fifth Avenue. . . . Mrs. Emma Waller, the veteran actress, is playing *Meg Merrilies* at Booth's this week. . . . George L. Fox, the imitable pantomimist, is in a private insane asylum near Boston. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams will begin an engagement on the 13th, at Booth's. "Julius Caesar" is now in rehearsal at this house. . . . "Rose Michel" is a thorough success at the Union Square. . . . Fechter is alternating with the French comedies at the Lyceum in "No Thoroughfare." . . . The San Francisco Minstrels are deservedly successful at their pretty retreat on Broadway. . . . Darling's Opera House, late Bryant's Minstrel Hall, on Twenty-third Street, is to be turned into a theatre, for the production of American comedies only. . . . The Art Academy witnessed Matt Morgan's beautiful tableaux at the Theatre-Comique, last week, by invitation. . . . Miss Julia Matthews, and Mr. McDermott, the relics of the English Opera Bouffe Company which opened at Wallack's last Summer, are now at the new Eagle Theatre.

## CENTENNIAL NOTES.

ARKANSAS has appropriated \$15,000 for the Centennial.

MAYOR WICKHAM of New York visited the Centennial Grounds, last week.

MONTANA proposes to send a fine collection of tin ores, with her specimens of minerals, to the Centennial.

Six new hotels are in course of construction in Philadelphia for the accommodation of guests during the Centennial.

ARTISTS to the number of 318 have applied to the German Commission for space in the Centennial Exhibition.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL GOSHORN has been officially notified by the Brazilian Minister at Washington that the Emperor and Empress of Brazil will visit the Exhibition.

THE GERMAN FEDERAL Council has passed a resolution adding 100,000 marks to the sum already allotted to promote the display of German products at the Philadelphia Centennial.

THE Centennial Commissioners of New Hampshire talk of moving the house in which Horace Greeley was born, now standing in Amherst, near Manchester, to the Exhibition Grounds in Philadelphia.

A FINE collection of ferns, ranging from three to eight feet high, has been received from California by the Bureau of Horticulture, and is now placed in the hot-houses attached to Horticultural Hall.

THE Board of Managers of the National Temperance Society has passed resolutions requesting the Centennial Commissioners to prohibit the sale of all intoxicating beverages on the Exhibition Grounds.

ADVISES from Berlin state that the list of firms and persons in Germany who intend sending goods to the International Exhibition is now closed, the space allotted to Germany, 29,000 square feet, having all been taken.

GENERAL HAWLEY, President of the Centennial Commission, and Mr. John Welsh, President of the Board of Finance, have addressed a letter to each member of Congress inviting them to visit Philadelphia and the Exhibition Grounds.

THE Centennial Committee on the Opening Ceremonies have selected as orator William M. Evans; H. W. Longfellow as poet, and a grandson of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, as reader of the American Declaration of Independence.

GENERAL PRIEST, of the New York Central Road, has consented to send the driving-wheels of the first locomotive run in America to the Centennial, providing their return to the company is insured. The wheels are now at West Albany.

A GRANGE encampment is to be located within ten miles of the Centennial next year, and will be arranged for nearly 50,000 people. Indiana, Ohio and Michigan alone propose to have over 36,000 farmers who will patronize this enterprise.

THE California Centennial Board will petition the Legislature of that State for a liberal appropriation to aid and encourage the people of California in placing before the visitors at the Exhibition in Philadelphia a proper display of the products of the Golden State.

THE Committee have issued an order requiring all exhibits intended for the Horticultural Building and Grounds, except plants that are not sufficiently hardy to permit of their being planted out until later in the season, to be placed in position and arranged before the 1st of May, 1876.

AMONG other relics that have been suggested for exhibition at the Centennial, is the "Coon-skin Library," of Ohio. It is situated at Amesville, a town in the southeast corner of Athens County, O. It was started by the first settlers of the place, and the funds for the purpose were raised by contributions of coon-skins by the pioneers.

GENERAL HAWLEY, President of the Centennial Commission, in his address before the New York brokers, said: "The shares are \$10 each. You may get back your stock, with a dividend, but I don't expect that. You may, and doubtless will, get back a part of your subscription, but I promise nothing more than a most tastefully designed and elegantly executed certificate. All enterprises give that much, you know. We do promise, however, the satisfaction of having aided in a work touching the prosperity, pride and honor of your country."





1. The Funeral Cortège passing through Beacon Street, Boston. 2. The late Vice-President's Dwelling in Natick. 3. The Burial at Dell Park Cemetery. 4. Draping the Houses in Natick.

5. Mr. Wilson's Library. 6. The Mourners leaving the Cemetery.

MASSACHUSETTS.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON, AT BOSTON AND NATICK.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 243.





UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.—LOADING THE FIG CANNON IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 244.



## BABY.

BY  
FANNY CLIPSHAM.

ONLY a ray of light,  
But it makes the world so fair;  
It wakes new beauty in the flowers,  
New music in the air.

Only a heavy cloud,  
But the world is dull and gray;  
The song is silent in the trees,  
The brightnesses passed away.

Only a little life,  
So lately sent from heaven;  
Only a little child  
Which God to us has given.

Only a little voice,  
With its coo of soft delight;  
But there is sunshine in the house,  
And Baby is the light.

Only a broken toy,  
Only an empty cot,  
Only the silent room  
Where the little voice is not.

Only a silent grave  
In the daisy-sprinkled sod,  
And a heavy shadow on the house—  
For Baby is with God.

## LA DAME DE MARGON.

A LEGEND OF LE PERCHE.

BY  
H. S. ENGLISH.

ON the southeastern confines of that large province of France which, from its beauty and fertility, so well deserves its ancient title of La Belle Normandie, lies a small tract of country which, amidst all the divisions and subdivisions of modern departments, still retains its old name of Le Perche—a fruitful, picturesque little province, famous for its cider and its flax, where there are hedgerows in the fields as in England, and where the farms are cleaner and better kept than in many parts of France. In shape it is something of an oblong square, about fifty miles in breadth and forty in length, stretching away towards Chartres upon the east, and Le Mans and Orléans upon the southwest and southeast.

Hence come the Percheron horses, large, gray, and strong, which some of us have seen in Rosa Bonheur's pictures, and which most of us have heard of, especially of late.

Le Perche is not without its historical associations. It saw something of fighting during the late war, and in the fifteenth century, when the ill-fated Maid of Orléans was living and dying for the sake of a king who never heartily appreciated her devotion, the province was occupied by the English, who burnt and destroyed most of its strongholds, amongst others the Château de Villeray, a large and strongly fortified castle overlooking the valley of the Huisne, which was rebuilt in the time of Henry Quatre, and is now a spacious and pleasant dwelling-house.

One of the principal towns in Le Perche is Nogent le Rotrou, famous as the burial-place of Maximilian de Bethune, better known as the great Sully, Duke of Roan, the friend alike of his sovereign and the poor. A monument in the Hospice of Nogent marks the spot where he was interred. Two fine statues of himself and "cette très-haute et très-illustre dame Rachel de Cochefilet," his wife, are placed above the grave. But Sully's body no longer rests there. At the time of the Revolution the tomb was opened and rifled, the coffin melted down into bullets, and the remains of the great statesman shamefully exposed and subjected to every possible insult at the hands of a brutal and infuriated mob.

The Château Fort de Nogent, purchased by Sully from the Prince de Condé a few years before his death, still towers majestically above the town, but it is now little better than a massive ruin. A few rooms in this old château have been handsomely fitted up and made habitable by the present owner; but his wife, we were told, declines to live in them "on account of the ghosts."

On a steep hill about a quarter of a league from Nogent, at a place where two roads meet, stands the old church of Notre Dame de Margon. It is very old, having been built about the tenth or eleventh century, but not otherwise very remarkable.

A triangular grass-plot just below, with a round spot in the centre from which the grass has been burnt away, is more worthy of notice.

On a certain Sunday in every year the bell of Notre Dame de Margon rings loudly for many hours, and at sunset a sort of Guy Fawkes scene is enacted on this spot which would probably arouse the curiosity and amusement of any one who beheld it for the first time. "Thereby hangs a tale"; and the story or legend of "La Dame de Margon dite La Belle Bourbonnaise," as I heard it a few months ago while on a visit to some friends at the Château de Villeray, appears to me, in spite of much that is obscure and improbable, to retain enough of freshness and interest to make it worth relating.

Handed down to us as it has been through many generations, from amidst the mists and comparative darkness of the Middle Ages, it is not wonderful that some discrepancies should occur in the narrative; but, on the whole, the various chroniclers are pretty well agreed about the main facts, which are as follows:

Somewhere about the twelfth or thirteenth century a certain Sire de Courcelles, the proprietor of a large manorial dwelling in the outskirts of Nogent, which was afterwards turned into a farm, fired by the martial ardor of the times, buckled on his armor, and, in a moment of religious enthusiasm, betook himself to the Holy Land.

He left, not only his home, but his wife and a blooming young daughter aged about sixteen. As the young Renée (or Sophie as some have called her) was rich as well as beautiful, and as her father's absence was likely to be prolonged, it was not improbable that the question of lovers might arise before his return. He therefore left strict injunctions with his wife with regard to the disposal of his daughter's hand.

She was not to allow Renée to marry any one—no matter how rich and noble he might be—who could not bring with him a special marriage license, as it were, in the shape of a written consent from himself, signed by his own hand, and sealed with the arms of the Courcelles. And, for further security, this written consent was to be accompanied by a certain well-known ring which had been in the possession of his family for many generations. This was tantamount to saying that his daughter's hand should not be disposed of without his being previously consulted.

The precautions were not unneeded. In due time lovers appeared upon the field. Two rival suitors aspired at the same time to the honor of espousing

"la gente demoiselle" Renée de Courcelles. One of these is called in the old chronicles the Comte de Nogent, but he was more probably some relative only of the great family who at that time bore the title of Comtes du Perche. The other was the Baron de la Manorière.

Both were alike noble, but it was towards the latter that the affections of the young lady herself inclined. The Baron de la Manorière had been wounded some short time previously while assisting to repulse an attack made upon the Château de Courcelles. From what quarter this attack came is not stated; but we are told that the fair Renée helped to nurse him back to convalescence, and that during the dangerously sweet moments of intimacy which ensued he, as was not surprising, lost his heart to his beautiful companion; whilst she, little by little, learned to love the brave young champion who was suffering for her sake.

Fortunately the mother approved of her daughter's choice, and a trusty hermit was forthwith dispatched to the Holy Land, bearing a letter from the Chatelaine de Courcelles to her husband, containing the warmest praises of the Baron de la Manorière's conduct and character, and entreating him to send back as soon as possible by the hands of the same messenger his written consent to the young man's union with Renée.

So far all was well; but alas for the young lover's, the course of true love in their case was not long destined to run smooth. It had been well for the Baron de la Manorière if he had been content to offer his homage at the shrine of "one maiden only"; but in earlier days, before he had seen or known Renée de Courcelles, there had been certain love passages between himself and Marguerite de Raderai, the "chatelaine" of Margon, a hamlet in the immediate neighborhood. We are not told of this lady whether she was old or young, married or single; but we know that she was beautiful, and we may surmise that she was a widow, as her surname of La Belle Bourbonnaise would suggest that she was not originally a native of the province.

Whether the young baron had ever really loved her may be doubtful, but, at any rate, he had in some idle moment made professions of an attachment, which she had returned with all the ardor of a jealous and passionate nature.

In an evil hour she learnt the fact of her lover's defection. Whilst the messenger who had been sent by the Chatelaine de Courcelles to the East was making his way as rapidly as the slow traveling of those days would permit towards Jerusalem, a letter was received by that lady from her husband, telling glorious things of his successes in the war against the infidel, and holding out hopes of his speedy return.

Upon the strength of this welcome intelligence, and possibly with a view of presenting the Baron de la Manorière as the future husband of her daughter, she gave a magnificent entertainment, to which all her friends and retainers were invited.

Marguerite de Raderai, in her character of Chatelaine de Margon, was present upon the occasion, and then and there she learnt the truth. If she had hitherto disbelieved the report which had reached her ears, she could no longer doubt the evidence of her own senses; for, carried away by the excitement of the hour, the young lovers forgot everything but their own happiness, and, undeterred by any considerations of prudence, allowed their mutual affection to be too plainly seen. The Dame de Margon saw and understood it all: the fact was patent to her, as to all others, that the man whose heart she had believed to be all her own was false to his allegiance, and had deserted her for another, younger if not fairer than herself.

The blow had fallen suddenly, and found her unprepared. In that bitter moment the very blood in her veins seemed to turn to gall: there was no room in her heart for either pity or forgiveness, and from that time forth she hated him with the cruel hatred of an outraged love.

With all the strength and energy of her nature she determined upon revenge. Alone, in the solitude of her own home, she devised a scheme which was as infamous in its conception as it was as successful in its results.

The terms upon which the hand of Renée de Courcelles could alone be obtained were no secret in the neighborhood. Marguerite de Margon was intimately acquainted with the devices of the old ring Renée's father had alluded to, which was an heirloom in the family. The arms of the Courcelles also, consisting of a virgin supported by two angels, were perfectly well known to her, and in all probability she had some impressions of the latter in her possession.

Upon these she laid the foundation of her plot; but her own knowledge of art and science was not sufficient to carry it into execution. The help she needed, however, was soon found. A poor artist—a man as false and unscrupulous as herself—was willing, for the sake of the rich reward she offered, to become her tool. With a skill and ingenuity worthy of a better cause, he succeeded in making a copy of both seal and ring correct enough to deceive the unwary. To forge a letter purporting to come from the Sire de Courcelles was no difficult task, as in those days no private gentleman was expected to write himself, but every one of any note kept an ecclesiastic or other learned man attached to his household to act as his amanuensis. Such a letter, then, La Dame de Margon or her accomplice forged. It was addressed to the Comte de Nogent, the rival of the Baron de la Manorière, and ran as follows:

"I, the Lord of Courcelles, desire before I depart this life to give my daughter a husband, and it is you whom I have chosen. Go at once and announce this news to my family, and beg of them that the last wish of a father dying for the cause of Christ be faithfully executed. The pilgrim to whom I have entrusted the charge of this letter will also give into your hand the sacred ring which has been handed down to me from my ancestors, and which I beg of you to preserve religiously."

This letter, duly signed and sealed, was then given, together with the fictitious ring, in charge to a hermit, who was ordered to convey them without loss of time to the Comte de Nogent; and he was further instructed how to parry the count's questions in the event of his being cross-examined on the subject of his mission. No such cross-examination, however, seems to have taken place. The man, who must have been either knave or fool, or perhaps a little of both, played his part well; while the Comte de Nogent, only too eager to grasp at the hope of happiness for which he had never ceased to sigh, was probably not disposed to inquire too curiously into the authority of the proofs on which it rested. History, however, acquits him of all wilful complicity in La Dame de Margon's infamous design.

Armed, as it were, with his credentials, he at once sought the presence of the Chatelaine de Courcelles, and in the name of her absent lord demanded permission to address the fair Renée as his bride. The news fell like a thunderbolt upon all concerned, filling the poor mother's heart with grief and consternation at the thought of her own

approaching widowhood, while at the same time it gave the death-blow to her daughter's dearest hopes. But so well had Marguerite de Raderai's plans been carried out, so cunningly had the ring and the seal been copied, that the unhappy lady fell helplessly into the snare, and never doubted for an instant that the letter which sealed poor Renée's fate was otherwise than genuine. The dying wish of a husband and father was not to be disregarded, and so, in spite of her own misgivings, in spite of her daughter's too evident repugnance at the match, she gave orders that the marriage should take place. As soon, therefore, as the necessary preliminaries could be arranged, the unfortunate Renée de Courcelles became the wife of the Comte de Nogent.

So far the plot of La Belle Bourbonnaise had prospered as successfully as in her most sanguine moments she could have anticipated. Utterly regardless of all future consequences, she had gone on to the fulfillment of her end without mercy and without fear. She had silenced the reproaches of her own conscience and had trampled upon the feelings and affections of others without a single pang of remorse; broken hearts and ruined lives were the sacrifices which she laid without scruple upon the altar of her false god, expediency. Whether her object in doing this had been simply to gratify the promptings of passion and revenge, or whether she indulged in the hope that the Baron de la Manorière, once irrevocably separated from Renée, might return to his former allegiance, it is impossible to say. If she had such a hope, however, it proved fallacious. Not long did she enjoy even her seeming triumph, for retribution followed swiftly on her crime.

Some say that she was shortly afterwards attacked with mortal sickness, and that on her death-bed, being seized with unavailing remorse, she made full confession of her evil deeds, in the hope of winning that pardon from heaven which she felt she had no right to expect on earth; and they add that the righteous judgment of the law, which she had contrived to escape during her lifetime, overtook her even on the confines of the grave; for the Comte de Nogent, horrified at her revelations, and anxious to prove that he had had no share in the odious crime, demanded that the cause should be tried by competent judges. By their unanimous decree she, being already dead, was refused Christian burial, and her lifeless body was ordered to be dragged from her manor-house to the place of execution and burnt to ashes. Such is one account; but another, and more probable, version of the story is as follows:

That the Baron de la Manorière, growing impatient at the long tarrying of the messenger who had been dispatched to the Sire de Courcelles, followed him at last, in person, to the Holy Land. Arrived there, he was fortunate enough not only to meet with Renée's father, but also to be the means of saving his life in an encounter with the enemy. Gratitude for this timely succor, added to his wife's earnest entreaties and his own just appreciation of the young baron's worth, induced him to lend a favorable ear to the latter's suit; and very soon he gave him leave to return to France, bearing with him a letter containing his full and hearty consent to his union with Renée.

The happy lover hurried home with all possible speed; but when at last he reached Le Perche, it was only to find that black-hearted treachery had been at work during his absence, and that the girl he loved so dearly was already the wife of another man. His rage and disappointment knew no bounds; but at once he traced the cruel deception to its true source, and, with an unerring instinct, denounced Marguerite de Margon as the author of the plot.

The miserable woman was cited to appear before the criminal court. Proofs of her guilt were not long in forthcoming, while not a voice was raised in her defense. She was found guilty on every count, and condemned to suffer the utmost penalty of the law. Her manor was to be given up to the flames, her meadows dried up (*desséchés*), and her trees torn up by the roots, while she herself was condemned to be hanged by the neck till she was dead, and her corpse then dragged upon a hurdle to the open space in front of the church at Margon, and there burnt in the presence of the assembled multitude. And further, in order to perpetuate the memory of her crime, it was ordained that the latter part of the sentence should be repeated annually, and that for evermore, on the 16th of July, La Belle Bourbonnaise should be burnt in effigy on the same spot, as a wholesome warning to all future generations against the sinful indulgence of jealousy, hatred and revenge.

According to one account, the vassals of La Dame de Margon were required to furnish a straw figure every year for this purpose, which was to be dressed in paper at the expense of the commune.

Such is the story of La Dame de Margon, as it has been handed down by oral tradition to the inhabitants of Le Perche, and as it may still be read in the old chronicles of the province. But even in the written pages of the latter the details are meagre and unsatisfactory, and much is left to the imagination of the reader to supply. We are told nothing of what befell the Baron de la Manorière after the wicked woman who had plotted to destroy his happiness had ceased to exist, nor of how it fared with the Comte de Nogent and his reluctant bride in their after married life—whether poor Renée died of a broken heart, or, resigning herself to the inevitable, did her best to live happily with her adoring husband. Upon these details history is silent; but that the legend is true on all important points there can be but little doubt. At any rate, the fact remains unaltered that, once in every year, on the Sunday following the 16th of July (*la fête patronale de Margon*), a straw figure, made to represent a woman, and dressed in all the richest garments that the voluntary contributions of the neighborhood can provide, with gloves on its hands and shoes on its feet, is taken in a sort of procession to where the cross-roads meet in front of the old church at Margon, left exposed for some hours at sunset, amidst much ringing of bells and shouting of boys, on the self-same spot where Marguerite de Margon is said to have met her fate hundreds of years ago.

The little grass-plot, with its blackened centre, "still remains," as Carlyle would say, "a curious monument of many things." The name of La Belle Bourbonnaise, her wicked life and miserable end, have grown as familiar in Le Perche as household words; and her story has given rise to a proverb which is sometimes used still in that part of the country as a coarse jest against any one who is supposed to have been crossed in love: "*Celle-là aura sûrement entendu sonner à Margon*." ("She must certainly have heard the bell ring at Margon.")

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA a strange spectacle was offered by the banquet beneath the calm and mystical regards of Brahma the Creator and Vishnu the Preserver, amidst the popping of champagne corks and the glare of red fire.

## Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"I HAVE no wish to be hard upon you," said Ethel to her husband; "but it was a cruel thing to do—to persuade a girl so young and so ignorant to take so serious a step as marriage; it was a most cruel thing, and I repeat that I can never forgive you."

He raised his face and she saw that it was wet with tears.

"Even if I were rich, then, Ethel—if I could lavish every luxury on you—if I could make you one of the first women in England—even then you would not care for me?"

"No," she replied. "You have failed in honor, not to mention honesty; how could I possibly care for you?"

He was silent for some little time, and then he raised his eyes sadly to her proud face.

"I cannot expect you to pardon me," he said. "What can I do to help you, Ethel, to free you from myself—what can I do? If it pleases you best I will go away from here, and I will promise never again, while I live and you live, to come near you to trouble or annoy you. Or, if it pleases you better, Ethel, I will wait here until, with your father's help, you have obtained a divorce—it would not be difficult."

"It would be useless," she replied. "Man cannot put asunder those whom Heaven has joined. I should never marry."

"I will do anything that will please you, Ethel, or whatever you think best," he pursued. "One thing I promise you—the wrong that I have done you is great enough; I will make it no worse. I will keep the secret inviolably; it shall never escape me; I will not presume upon it. Ethel, you may trust me; I would rather lose my life than betray you any further."

That was some relief to her; the public exposure that she had dreaded would not take place.

"You wish for time to consider," he said, gently. "If you decide that I must go away, I shall need some few days to prepare. Will you take a week to think over what would suit you and please you best? Will you meet me here in the woods at the same hour just one week from to-day?"

"Yes," she answered, wearily. "I will be here."

"Ethel," he cried, passionately, "will you not give me one kind word?"

"I cannot," she replied; "it would simply be hypocrisy if I did. You have ruined my whole life. When I forget that I may pardon you."

"Will you let me tell you the story of my life," he asked—"of my youth, my temptation, and my fall? You would perhaps take more pity on me if you knew all."

She raised her white hand with a gesture that demanded silence.

"I do not wish to hear one word of it," she said. "I must go. I will do as you suggest. I will take one week to consider, and then tell you what plan I think it best for you to adopt."

She looked at him as she spoke—at the handsome face, the eyes dim with tears—and a feeling of pity came over her.

"I do not wish to be hard upon you," she said, gently. "And I pray Heaven that the last part of your life may be better than the first."

Then she turned away, leaving him more wretched than he had ever thought he should be in this world again.

Ethel hastened home. The ordeal she had dreaded was over. She had seen her husband again, had spoken to him, and she began to see some glimmer of light for the future. She would ask him to go away. If he was so poor in fortune as he seemed to be from the fact of his having sought the situation of gamekeeper, she would give him money. She had plenty of that; she would give him enough to live on in comfort, provided only he did not come near her—that he kept her secret and allowed her to live in peace. If he would do that, then her fate would not be so terrible as she had once dreaded. Then she might live through the long years until death released her, or released him—without happiness, it was true, but without such shame and sorrow as might have fallen to her lot.

"And this," she thought, "is the end of my life—the life that I once filled with such bright visions, with such glowing hopes; the end of it all is hard-won peace. I can ask no more."

She was greatly relieved. She had dreaded what her husband might do—that he might claim her as his wife—that he might make her story public—that he might shame her before the whole world. All this fear was ended now. The humbled, sorrowful man who had knelt at her feet to implore her pardon would never wrong her again. More peace came to her than had been hers for some time. The restless face grew calmer, the shadowed eyes were bright.

"I shall come to the end of my troubles soon," she thought, "and then I shall have nothing to do but live out my life in patience, thankful to have escaped a worse fate."

It was not the most brilliant end to a life that had once seemed so full of hope; but she must be content.

That evening another shock came to her. During dinner Lord Leighton said that on the morrow he expected a distinguished visitor—a brave soldier whose name was wreathed in laurels—a traveler whose researches were most valuable. He turned suddenly to Lord St. Norman:

"And, if I remember rightly," he added, "my visitor is an old friend of yours. He does not know that you are here, so it will be an additional pleasure to him to meet you."

"Who is it?" asked Lord St. Norman, carelessly.

But the carelessness all vanished when he heard the name.

"Sir Oscar Charicote."

He looked quickly at his daughter. She had heard it too. He saw the color die out of her face and an expression of startled fear came over it.

"Sir Oscar," he repeated, slowly—"ah, yes; he is one of my most valued friends. But I understood that he was in Egypt. Why has he returned to England?"

"It was time he did," said Lord Leighton. "I never could understand why he left the country. We want such men at home. He is returning, I believe, because the borough of Weston is vacant, and he has been asked to sit for it."

"He will go into Parliament, then? I am glad of that," said Lord St. Norman. He was wondering in his own mind what Ethel would say, and how she would like to see her lover again.

"Sir Oscar comes to-morrow morning," observed Lord Leighton. "I have invited several people to meet him at dinner. He will stay, I hope, for some weeks. He is a distant relative of mine, and I consider that I have the first claim upon him."

Then some one asked if he was married. Lord Leighton laughingly answered No—that Sir Oscar



seemed afraid of ladies; he had never heard of his caring for one.

Again Lord St. Norman stole a look at his daughter—her face was white as death. He tried to turn the conversation so that she should have a chance to recover herself.

But Ethel could not for some time get over the shock. She had borne her sorrow patiently, believing that she should never see Sir Oscar again. Their farewell, she believed, had been for all time, and now, suddenly, with scant warning, she was to see him again.

"If he knew I was here," she said to herself, "I am quite sure he would not come."

She dreaded meeting him—dreaded it, yet longed for it with an intense desire.

"It seems like cruel irony," she mused, "that I should meet both of them here—the man who has marred and blighted my life and the man whom I love. If I had read of such a meeting in any novel I should have thought it too strange even to be true. It is a cruel trick of fortune."

It had to be borne; she was growing accustomed to silent, brave endurance. She said to herself that fear and hope alike were useless; she had to bear her lot, and there was no use in murmuring.

Lady St. Norman, looking at the beautiful, thoughtful face, said:

"Ethel, shall you like meeting Sir Oscar again?"

"It cannot be helped," Ethel replied, evasively.

"It will be a great pleasure to papa, I know, and I am glad that he has returned to England."

"He is not married, you see," said Lady St. Norman.

"No," acknowledged the girl, calmly; "he is not married, and for his own sake I am inclined to think it almost a misfortune for him."

(To be continued.)

## BURIAL OF THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON.

THE body of the late Vice-President Wilson was buried in Dell Park Cemetery, at Natick, his former home, on Wednesday, December 1st. From the time the remains left the Capitol, where the statesman closed his useful life, until they reached the quiet graveyard in the little town where his public life commenced, the funeral cortege was followed by a nation's tears, and at each place on the route a sorrowing people offered a tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. In Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York the highest honors were paid to the remains, and when they reached Massachusetts—the State with whose history and fame his name was so intimately connected—they were received with a deep feeling of reverence and respect, and tenderly buried in the soil of the Commonwealth he loved so well.

The public ceremonies in Boston took place on Monday, November 29th. The body, which arrived on Sunday evening, lay in state in Doric Hall until eleven o'clock on Monday morning, when the coffin was carried to the Hall of Representatives and placed on the catafalque. After appropriate funeral services the casket was borne out by eight policemen, preceded by the pall-bearers, who were: Ex-Governors of Massachusetts William B. Washburne, Emory Washburne, Henry J. Gardner, Nathaniel P. Banks, Alexander H. Bullock, and Willard Claflin, Senator Boutwell, Governor-elect Rice, the Hon. Carl Schurz, Senator Kelley of Oregon, and Frederick Douglass.

The casket, preceded by the pall-bearers and followed by a detachment of marines and nine officers of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, was carried down the main steps and placed on the funeral car, which was an open catafalque, heavily draped with black and white, entwined with American flags. The car was drawn by eight black horses, richly caparisoned with black and with heavy black plumes. At 2:30 p.m. the procession started on its way to Cottage Farm Station. It moved down Beacon Street. At least 30,000 people crowded around and about the State House and Beacon Hill as the procession moved off. Nearly 5,000 soldiers were in line, besides a large number of civilians. About fifty carriages, containing distinguished guests, brought up the rear.

The crowds which lined the thoroughfare traversed by the procession were continued even to the railroad station, where large numbers gathered at noon. A cold, biting wind was prevalent at times, and yet the multitude of spectators patiently stood their ground. When the procession reached the train, the casket was conveyed from the hearse to the train, down through the long lines of soldiers and civilians who stood with heads uncovered, a band meanwhile playing a dirge.

The Governor, his staff, the pall-bearers, the various committees, with the Independent Corps of Cadets, the marines, and the officers of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, accompanied the remains to Natick, where the train arrived shortly after four o'clock.

Nowhere was the sorrow for the death of the Vice-President more profound than in the little town of Natick. Here he began his life as a business man, and from here he stepped out into the world and began the honorable public career now just brought to a close. The citizens felt deeply the loss of an honored citizen, a man whom all respected and whom all loved, a friend whose counsels were often sought, and whose opinions were of great weight, and a man who had won for the town imperishable renown.

The procession that met the body at the depot was not as imposing as those which had done honor to the remains in the great cities through which they had passed, but there was a solemnity and earnestness about it that told of the sincerity of the sorrow that was evinced on all sides, and was the most touching tribute to the dead statesman that had been given anywhere along the long route from Washington to this quiet village. Almost every house was draped in mourning, and across the street flags were hung, looped with sombre black.

There was a large gathering at the Natick Station as the funeral train drew up. A Post of the Grand Army of the Republic was formed on the platform, and as soon as the remains were borne to the hearse in waiting, the procession was formed, and moved direct to the Town Hall.

After the casket had been deposited in the Hall, and the Marine Guard mounted, Governor Gaston delivered the remains to the committee appointed by the town to receive them. The Hall was then opened to the public from that time until midnight. It was appropriately draped, and a large number of floral offerings were tastefully arranged on the stage and around the room. The body lay in state on Tuesday, and was visited by the citizens and strangers.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the casket was closed, and the remains were conveyed to the home of the late Vice-President on West Central Street. At twelve o'clock on Wednesday morning private religious services were held at the house, after which the remains were reconveyed to the hall, where the public exercises took place. About two thousand people found admittance to the edifice. The services began at about two o'clock, and occupied one hour. They were conducted by Rev.

Francis N. Peloube, Mr. Wilson's pastor, assisted by Rev. Edward Dowser, Rev. A. E. Reynolds, and Rev. J. S. Wheeldon. The funeral procession then moved to the cemetery. The services here were simple and very brief. The Grand Army Post and the military escort formed a square about the lot. None but the relatives and invited guests were allowed within the inclosure. The band played a solemn dirge, the casket was lowered into the grave, a few flowers were dropped upon the coffin-lid by loving hands; Mr. Peloube, in a solemn and impressive manner, spoke a benediction, and as the sun was setting the last rites were ended.

The lot where the remains were finally laid is situated on a charming little eminence in the extreme northeastern corner of Dell Park Cemetery, about three-fourths of a mile from the village, in a westerly direction, overlooking the town and Lake Coolituate, the view from the spot being extensive and very attractive. The lot is inclosed by a granite curb, which is surrounded by a neatly graveled drive. On either side of the front entrance is tasteful shrubbery, and a little in front of the centre stands a graceful monument, inscribed as follows: "Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Hamilton Wilson, born in Natick, November 11th, 1846. Died in Austin, Texas, December 24th, 1866." A short distance behind and north of this is a small monument, at the head of the Colonel's grave, which is simply inscribed "Hamilton." At the right, and just east of the Colonel's grave, is that of his mother, which is marked by an Italian marble headstone, inscribed "Harriet M. Howe, born in Natick, November 21st, 1824; married to Henry Wilson, November 28th, 1840; died May 28th, 1876." Below this inscription is, "She made home happy," which is followed by "But, O! for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." At the extreme southwestern corner of the lot is a double grave, marked by a twin or double headstone of a handsome design, of the same material as those mentioned. This marks the last resting-place of Mr. Wilson's father and mother, the one on the right being inscribed "Winthrop Colbatch, born April 7th, 1787; died February 10th, 1860;" while the one on the left bears the following: "Abigail Colbatch, born March 21st, 1785; died August 8th, 1866." Between the grave of his parents and that of his wife is a vacant space, in which the remains of the late Vice-President were deposited.

The residence of the late Mr. Wilson is situated on West Central Street, but a few rods from Main Street. It is a two-story and a-half frame dwelling, and is painted a light yellow. A narrow lawn separates the house from the street, the latter being bordered with a row of shade-trees. The house faces to the east, and the narrow veranda is reached by a drive-way and walk from the street. The door-plate bears the simple inscription, "Henry Wilson." The interior of the house is in keeping with its simple external appearance, the furniture and all its appointments being in strict accordance with the simple and frugal modes of the owner's life.

## ESCAPE OF WILLIAM M. TWEED.

AT 7:30 p.m. on Saturday evening, December 4th, two excited men rushed into the Nineteenth Precinct Police Station, 220 East Fifty-ninth Street, and made a startling announcement that in a few minutes was, by the aid of the telegraph, causing an immense excitement, not only all over New York, but in many distant cities. The men were Warden Dunham and Keeper Hagan, of Ludlow Street Jail, and the news they brought was that William M. Tweed had just escaped from their custody.

The circumstances, as narrated by Warden Dunham, are as follows: Mr. Tweed, who, since his incarceration in Ludlow Street Jail, seems to have been treated more like an honored guest than a prisoner, left the jail on Saturday afternoon, in company with Warden Dunham and Keeper Hagan, for an afternoon's drive. After spinning through Central Park, crossing the Harlem River, and driving along the Western Boulevard and King's Bridge Road, the party returned to the city, stopping at Mr. Tweed's residence on Madison Avenue, between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets. They entered the house, and were met in the parlor by Mr. Douglas, Mr. Tweed's son-in-law, and by William M. Tweed, Jr. After a short conversation Mr. Tweed expressed a desire to step up-stairs, to see his wife for a few moments. The permission was granted him, and he was allowed to leave the room. In about five minutes Warden Dunham asked young Tweed to call his father, as it was getting late, and they must return to the jail. The son went up-stairs, but shortly returned, saying that his father was not there. A search of the house was immediately made, but no trace of the fugitive could be found. The hat which he had worn upon entering the house was found upon a table in the hall, but a black felt hat that had been previously noticed hanging on the hat-rack by the keeper was missing. A thousand theories have been advanced as to the probable means of his flight, but the one that receives the most credence is, that he quietly slipped out of the house, jumped in a carriage that was waiting for him on Sixtieth Street, and was driven to the foot of Sixty-first Street, East River, where a boat, manned by two oarsmen, was in waiting to convey him to a steam-launch lying in the stream, by which he was quickly taken to a steam-yacht that was waiting for him near Hell Gate. We present views of the localities and incidents in accordance with this theory; but as the event happened just on the eve of our going to press, we are prevented from giving further details at present.

## THE OPENING OF CONGRESS.

### PRESS REPORTERS SENDING DISPATCHES.

AT Washington, on Monday, December 6th, the Forty-fourth Congress of the United States of America began its first session. Nowhere in the land does the assembling of Congress make such a marked change as in the city of Washington. In and around the hotels, the public buildings, the halls of Congress, the committee-rooms, the newspaper-offices, and the telegraph-stations, are indications of the mighty work in progress. Congressmen, politicians, lobbyists, speculators, inventors, theorists, humanitarians, newspaper correspondents, and every phase and type of the human race that goes to make up our concrete nationality, are busily pushing, shaping and molding the events that are to form a page in our history. In such an active hive it is but natural that the busy bees of the press, who gather honey for the public appetite, should be industriously at work, and they form a peculiar feature of Washington city life. These active chroniclers of events come from as varied quarters as the legislators who are supposed to represent every acre of our vast domain. From the North, from the South, from the East, from the West, they come with their sharpened pencils, to dot down the speech and the actions of men and women; to record the rumors, the thoughts, the intrigues, the hopes and fears

that go on unceasingly. They bring to the discharge of their duty active intelligence, quick-sightedness, and sometimes prying curiosity and indomitable cheek, that cannot be excelled at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The industry with which they strive to furnish the public with the news, and the ingenuity they display in a friendly rivalry to "beat" their contemporaries, is worthy of commendation.

The telegraph-station, in the lobby adjoining the House of Representatives, is one of the points where the activity of these knights of the quill can be witnessed. Our artist has sketched the scene as a crowd of newspaper reporters are clamoring for the transmission of some fresh news to their various journals. From this little office are flashed all over the land the items that furnish the theme for conversation in every part of the country, and give the text for leaders and comments to the press. The quiet citizen who reads the record of passing events in the damp paper as he sips his morning coffee little thinks that but a few hours before, many miles away, the industrious purveyor to the appetite of the public for news was hustling and elbowing such an eager crowd as is shown in the picture. And the same quiet reader would probably be astonished to hear of the schemes and devices that have been resorted to in order to have exclusive news in metropolitan journals. We will mention but one incident as a sample. The telegraph-office was crowded with correspondents eager to send off their dispatches. The regulations demanded that each applicant should take his turn. A correspondent who had just received important information rushed into the office. He had merely the notes, and had not put them into shape for transmission. He took his turn, and fortunately having a Bible in his pocket, he tore out a number of leaves and had the text of them telegraphed to his paper, thus holding the wires until he had his report completed, much to the disgust of the already primed gentlemen who had to wait with their reports growing cold in their pockets, while the lucky holder of the wire leisurely had antique news telegraphed while he manufactured a fresh variety.

## JAPANESE CUSTOMS IN THE UNITED STATES.

### A PLEASANT TEA-PARTY IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE, NEW YORK.

THE feature of the fair held last week in the new Masonic Temple in Sixth Avenue by the managers of the Women's Foreign Mission Society, was the Japanese tea-party, given on Thursday evening. A room was set apart for this attraction, and an extra charge of fifty cents was charged for admission. As a party large enough to comfortably fill the room was made up, the approach to the door was announced by ringing a bell. Upon entering the room, the first article that arrested the attention of the eye was a large silk screen, recently imported by the wife of the Japanese Consul at New York. After allowing a brief time for the examination of this elegant piece of work, it was drawn aside, and a coterie of young ladies, attired in dresses of silk and satin, heavily embroidered with birds, insects and flowers, was disclosed. The cheeks and eyebrows were painted, the hair was brushed back over the forehead into bunches through which long ivory needles were thrust, and several of the damsels sported small but elegant umbrellas and the all-important fan of Japanese ladies of high rank. As they received their guests, after the national custom, a young man who accompanied the Consul to this country to be educated prepared the tea, and at the close of the congratulations he poured it into tiny cups for the ladies to hand around. While the tea was being sipped, the habits, customs, disposition and peculiarities of the Japanese were pleasantly explained. After drinking the tea the party would retire, and the young ladies prepare the room for another arrival; so that by the hour of closing they must have been considerably fatigued. In this room there was also an exhibition of the thousand-and-one articles of use and beauty seen in the dwelling of an aristocratic native.

The other features of the fair were full of interest, and attracted much attention; yet, as there is a monotonous sameness to charitable fairs, it was this special display that created the highest gratification.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SEALED STOCKINGS are colored with picric acid, an active poison.

THE DUTCH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY are raising a subscription for sending an expedition to Upper Jambi and the Korincha Valley in Sumatra.

ALGERIA has 10,000,000 acres of land yielding a spontaneous growth of the alpha plant, which is now being exported for the manufacture of paper.

A WONDERFUL BUT INEXPLICABLE PUZZLE is the fact that in the microscopical cavities to be found in rock crystal a molecule is always to be seen in motion.

FOR THE FIRST TIME a complete electrical light apparatus has been fitted to H. M. ship *Minotaur*. It is to be used for signaling, and for detecting torpedoes.

EIGHTEEN PHOENICIAN INSCRIPTIONS, recently discovered and on their way to the Museum of the Louvre, were lost in the explosion of the French iron-clad *Magenta*.

BARON HOFFMAN has been appointed chief of the new Oriental Museum at Vienna, which consists of fourteen rooms, assigned to China, Japan, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Tunis, and Morocco.

IT HAS BEEN PROPOSED to the Académie des Inscriptions, Paris, to form a collection of casts from all famous authentic ancient sculptures, the restored portions of the monuments excluded.

THE ROOT OF THE GARDEN BEET is exceedingly wholesome and nutritious. Dr. Lyon Playfair says that a good brown bread may be made by rasping down this root with an equal quantity of flour.

IT DESERVES NOTICE that the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has published an historical sketch of its progress from its organization to the present time, it having existed for fifty years.

THE RUSSIAN EXPLORER, MIKILKO MACLAY, has penetrated about 600 miles into the interior of Malakka, where never a European had been before him. His last dispatch to St. Petersburg was dated the 6th of October.

LEAVES OF THE PINEAPPLE, now being extensively cultivated in the East Indies, are turned to account by being converted into a kind of wadding which is used for upholstery instead of hair. A sort of flannel is also manufactured from them, from which substantial waist-coats and shirts can be made.

OWING TO THE SCARCITY OF FRESH MEAT on the other side and the heavy prices demanded, a steamship company has made arrangements for carrying to Liverpool large supplies from the Western markets. In order to keep it fresh, the meat is to be placed in a refrigerator tank, which is placed in the lower hold of the vessel, and has

a capacity of 75,000 pounds. The meat is laid in light layers upon iron bars so as to allow free access of air. A blower run by a five-horse power engine forces a constant current of air through the ice-chests, which circulates through the compartment and thence is drawn back to the blower. This enables the meat to be kept at a low temperature, and the supply of ice needed is very small.

MM. WIRGANDT, HEMPEL, AND PAREY, of Berlin, are publishing a large number of wall maps or diagrams for instruction in natural history, with especial reference to agriculture. Five series have been issued up to the present time; the first relating to the breeding of stock; the second to the production of wool; the third to the minute structure of plants; the fourth to the cultivation of roots and other crops; and the fifth to physical geography.

AN EXHAUSTIVE ARTICLE upon the "Methods in Science" appears in the current number of the *Penn Monthly* from the pen of R. Osgood Mason, A.M., M.D. It is a concise exposition of the two methods of reasoning, known as the *deductive* and *inductive*, as applied to scientific researches. Both methods of investigation are fully exemplified by the author, and their use recommended as the great means for the arrival at and further development of scientific truths.

THE COUNCIL OF THE BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION are making an effort to save the well-known spire of St. Antholin's, Watling Street, London. Its retention is justified on the important grounds of its being one of Sir C. Wren's best designs and an ornament to the city, while the area it occupies is but a few yards. A deputation intends to wait on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the authorities who have ordered the demolition.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HENRY MEIGGS, formerly of San Francisco, but of late years a famous railroad contractor in the South American States, is dying with softening of the brain.

REVERDY JOHNSON, at the age of seventy-nine, is now in Europe, negotiating for the sale of 3,000,000 acres of land in Florida, to enable the State to pay off its indebtedness.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR has been chosen to occupy the chair of Astronomy in the new Roman Catholic University founded by Cardinal Manning and Mgr. Capel, at Kensington, England.

WILLIAM R. CASTLE, an assistant in the office of the Corporation Council of New York city, has been appointed Attorney-General of the Kingdom of Hawaii to succeed Mr. Richard H. Stanley, who died in Honolulu, November 10th last.

It is believed in Honolulu that the Hon. Mr. Carter, who accompanied the King to this country last Winter, will revisit Washington during the coming session of Congress to look after the new treaty between the United States and the Islands.

A NOTE from the American Consul at Apia, Samoan Islands, S. S. Foster, refutes the assertion that he is tied up to Colonel Steinberger and his speculations. He says the Premier is opposed to the Samoan Land Company organized for commercial purposes in San Francisco, to the American authorities, and in fact to all American residents, on the score that they are too Republican to suit a monarchy.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER DIMITRY, the distinguished linguist, for many years at the head of the Diplomatic Bureau at Washington, and translator to the State Department under Presidents Pierce and Buchanan, has been living quietly at New Orleans since the war. Notwithstanding his advanced age—he is seventy-two—he is now delivering a course of lectures in the various cities of Alabama.

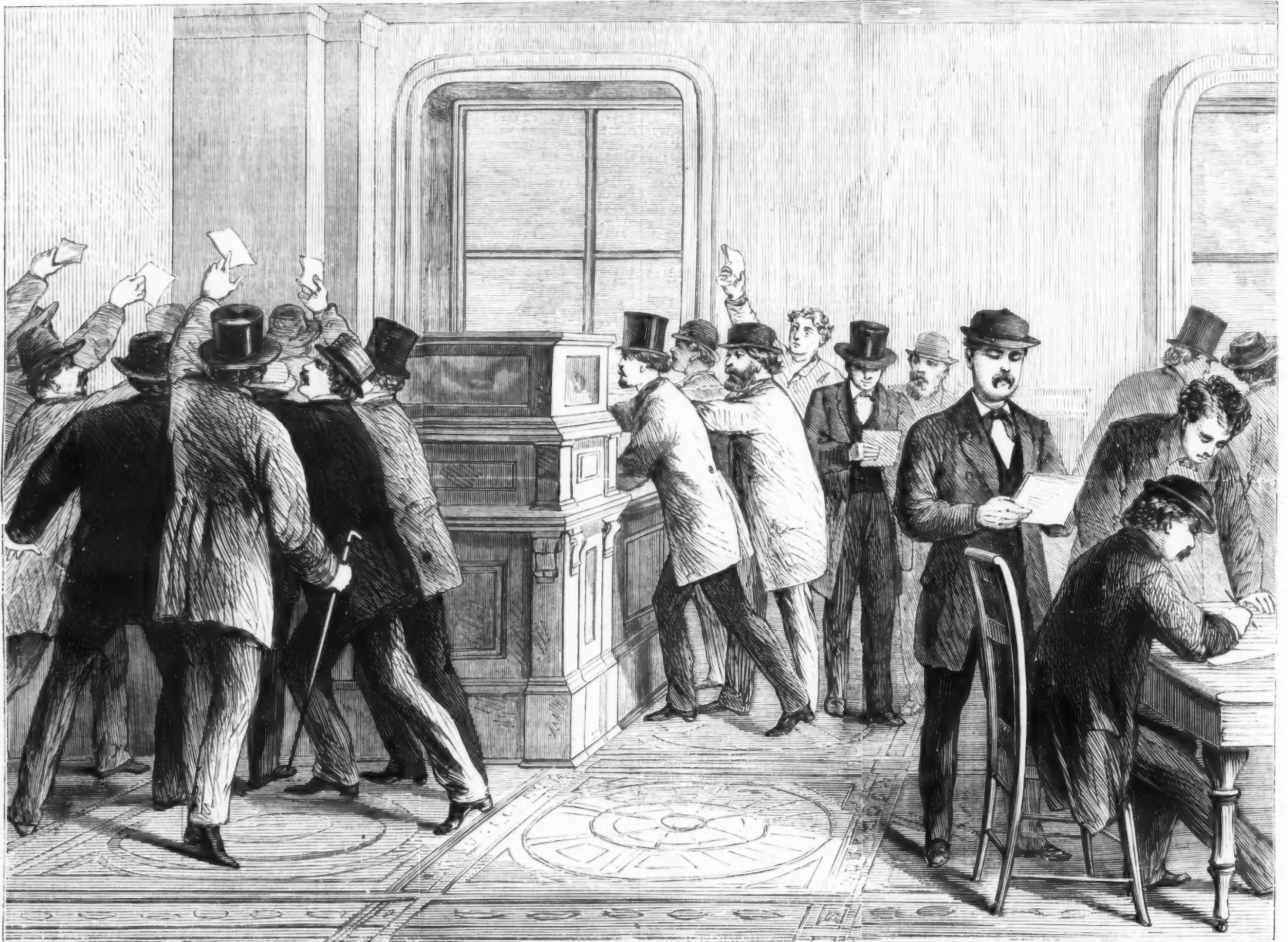
RICHARD HENRY STANLEY, Attorney-General of the Hawaiian Islands, died at Honolulu early in November last, aged fifty-one years. He was a native of New York city, and went to the Islands after a brief residence in California. Entering at once upon the practice of his profession, he soon became the most prominent lawyer. For several consecutive sessions of the Legislature he was its Secretary. On the dissolution of the King's Cabinet, May 29th, 1874, he was appointed Attorney-General. J. S. Walker succeeds him temporarily.

THE Hon. Joseph Holt, Judge-Advocate-General of the United States Army, was retired last week upon his own application. He was born in Kentucky, June 6th, 1807, and began practicing law in 1828. In 1857 he was appointed Commissioner of Patents, and two years later became Postmaster-General, upon the resignation of John B. Floyd. In December, 1860, he occupied for a time the Secretaryship of the War Department. In September, 1862, he was appointed Judge-Advocate-General of the Army, and in March, 1863, breveted Major-General.

HENRY C. WATSON, the distinguished musical critic who died December 2d, was born in London in 1820, and came to New York when twenty years of age. He was descended from a distinctly musical race, his father being a well-known composer, and Henry evinced marked talent as a vocalist while quite a boy. Upon his arrival in this country he made his *debut* as a critic and poet on the *World*. From 1856 to 1861 he was editorially connected with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. He organized the Mendelssohn Memorial Concert at Castle Garden, and was one of the leading critics of the American Musical Fund Society. In the last years of his life his pen was employed almost exclusively upon his own *Art Journal*. He enjoyed more fully, perhaps, than any other critic the friendship of the prominent actors, actresses and singers of his day, and besides being esteemed a most genial companion and accomplished gentleman, he was regarded as an honest, impartial critic.

J. A. STEINBERGER, brother of the Premier of Samoa, has just returned from the Islands, and gives a gossip account of the people now under the United States protectorate. "The costumes worn on the island differ slightly from the styles so popular at this time in San Francisco. The natives wear some clothing, but not enough to come within the rules of parliamentary decorum, hence special rules were adopted imposing a fine of \$100 upon every member who should appear in the legislative halls in a partial or complete state of nudity. When the members were compelled to wear clothes, and pay for them, it began to dawn on their minds that civilization had its discomforts as well as its blessings. A member of the Samoan Legislature in tight boots and plug hat is the most grotesque specimen of law-making timber that constitutional liberty ever produced. At first they refused to wear anything on their feet, so awkward and uncomfortable did shoe leather appear to them, but respect for the government finally impelled them to change their decision. Mr. Steinberger speaks in unqualified praise of the virtue and chastity of the native women, especially those residing inland, or distant from the harbors where sailors and other white men congregate. The women, too, are not destitute of personal beauty. The military force of the Government consists of 150 well-drilled militiamen. In the town of Apia, the seat of government, where the population has reached the number of 800, police officers patrol the streets regularly, and make prompt arrests of law-breakers. There are only three saloons in Apia at present, yet formerly there were twenty. At ten o'clock every night a cannon is fired, and that is the signal for closing up the saloons."





WASHINGTON, D. C.—PRESS REPORTERS AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES SENDING OFF DISPATCHES ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 243.

#### CHINESE RAG-PICKERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE advent of the Chinese into California had such a marked tendency to cheapen labor, that it was but natural that native artisans should rise, even in riotous opposition to the Celestials. Being quick-witted, excellent imitators, and able to live upon much less than would satisfy the poorest appetite, they were found to be peculiarly adapted to

certain kinds of work, while their numbers increased so rapidly that hundreds could be secured for the merest compensation. Capital thus forced them into direct competition with skilled labor, and as they began performing the service in which experienced workmen had been employed, the latter founded anti-Chinese leagues, and made a firm stand for their rights. Thus many employers were compelled to sacrifice the Orientals, and large numbers were gradually dismissed from the

mines, streets, laundries, and other fields in which they had secured the opportunity of earning their meager living. Of those who found their occupations gone, a not inconsiderable number were driven by necessity to engage in other work, in which there was not much probability of interference by the whites. Out of these causes have sprung the rag-pickers of San Francisco.

As stated in a previous issue of this paper, Chinatown is bounded by Kearney, Stockton, Sacramento and Pacific Streets, and within this area there are now living about twelve thousand Chinese. The chief thoroughfare is Dupont Street, and in this the traveler will find ample illustration of every vice, passion, occupation and temper of these people. That the Chinese can and do live cheaper than any one else could is shown, not only by the quantity and quality of the food they consume, but by the pestiferous contraction of their dwelling-apartments. A single room of ordinary height is frequently converted into a two-story haunt, and a good-sized dry-goods box would afford shelter for a family of four or five persons. The rag-pickers follow the humblest possible calling, and live in the

most perfect squalor; yet, if they possess the industry and management of those of New York, the people for whom the Chinese rag-pickers dig and pick and scratch will find, at the end of the year, a handsome income from the accumulation of pennies which the bits of cloth and scraps of iron yield. But the picker himself must be, and doubtless is, contented with just enough cash to pay for his unhealthy lodging, his stale beer, his victuals gathered from the garbage, and his satisfying quantity of opium.

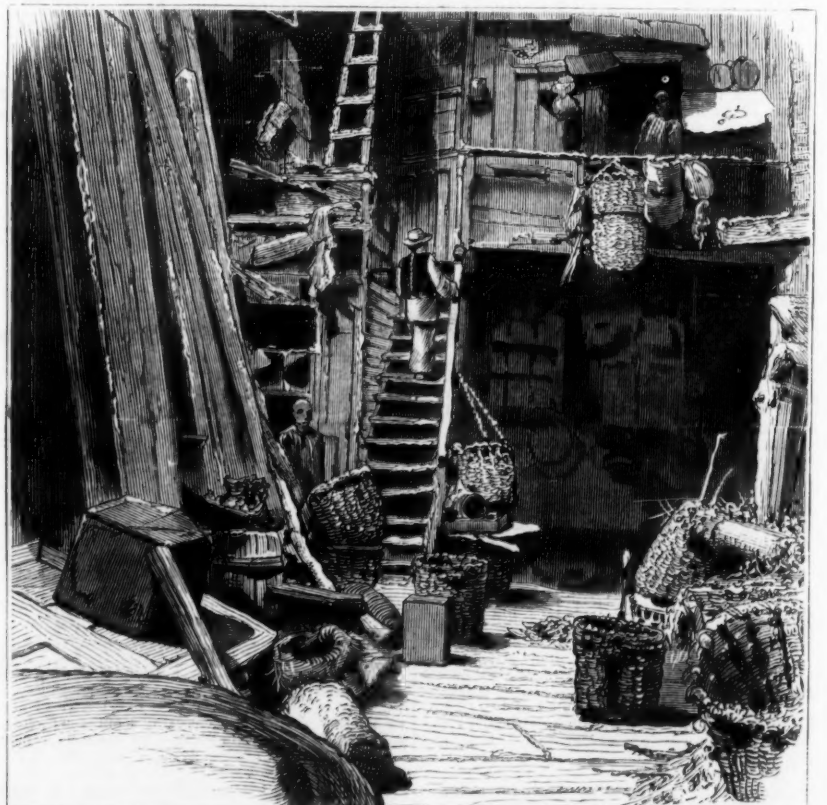
#### LOADING THE CANNON.

A SCENE AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

AMONG the noticeable exhibits of our peaceful and warlike resources at the coming Centennial will be the display of ordnance by the United States Government. There are already on the grounds at Fairmount Park, in front of the Government Building, several mammoth pieces which attract the attention of visitors. In their frowning fronts, and solemn appearance generally, they seem

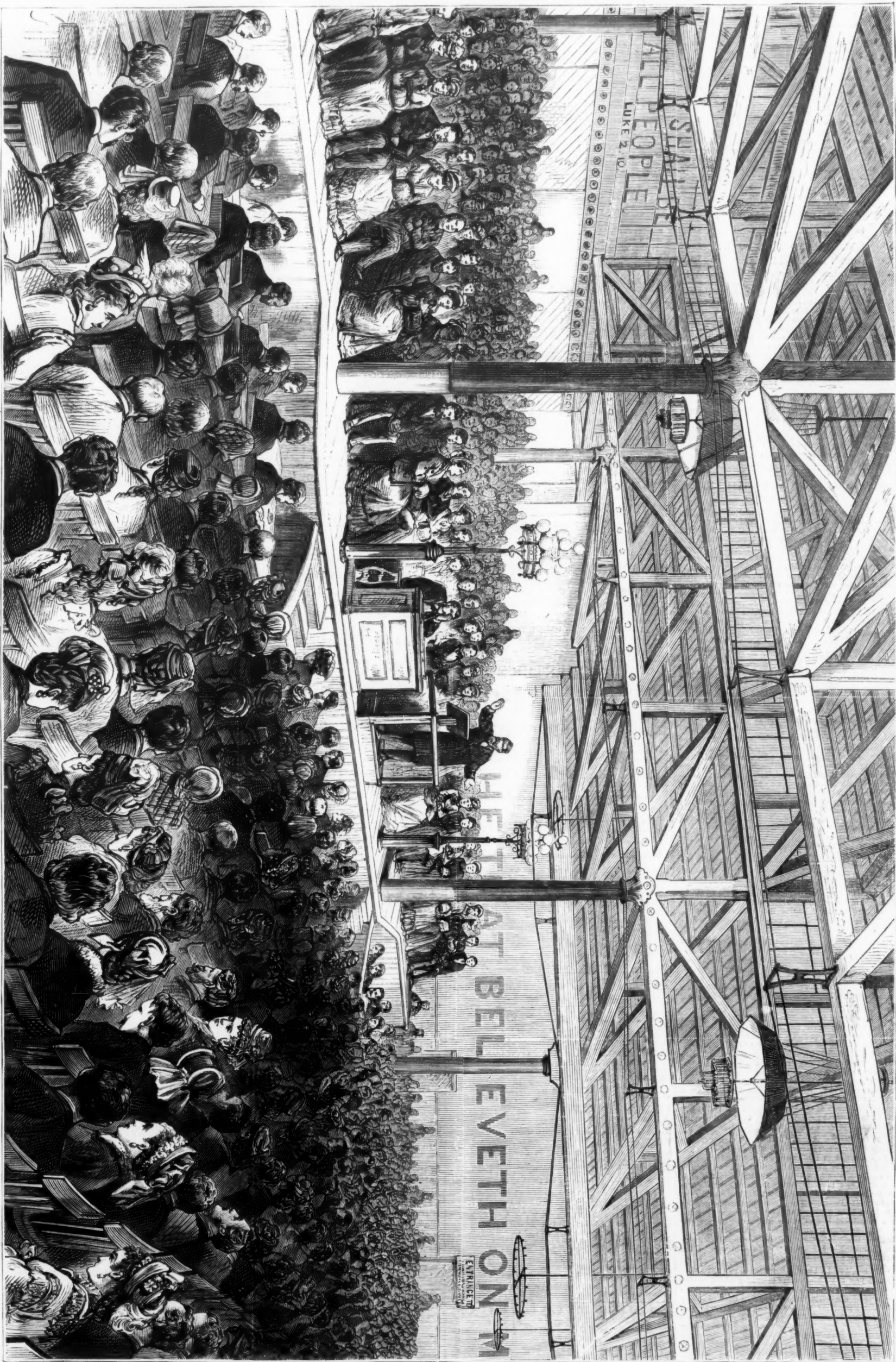


SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—A CHINESE RAG-PICKER.—PHOTO. BY HOUSEWORTH & CO.



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—A CHINESE RAG-PICKER'S HOUSE ON DUPONT STREET.—PHOTO. BY HOUSEWORTH & CO.





PHILADELPHIA, PA.—MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, THE EVANGELISTS, CONDUCTING ONE OF THEIR REVIVAL MEETINGS IN THE BUILDING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD FREIGHT STATION, ON MARKET STREET.  
SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 246.



to show the very typical expression of "grim-visaged war." They are to be planted amidst the blooming roses of the fair Centennial days as an iron memorandum of the blood and carnage through which this young Republic has passed in its hundred years of life.

Our artist has happily depicted what he is pleased to call the loading of the cannon. A little girl, a perfect bud of babyhood, sits in the muzzle of the gun, laughing merrily at those who have placed her there. In the mother's face we see the mirrored expression of illogical alarm; the thought of danger to her darling is born instantly of the spectacle. The father, who probably became accustomed to the grim monsters when, as a boy in blue, he followed the flag, and who knows how harmless they are without their rations of powder and ball, looks smilingly on; while the old man sees in the tableau food for thought. Knowing of the shadows that fall across the sunniest paths in life, he may dream of the possibility of that rose-leaf of humanity being called some day to mourn the loss of a brave lover, who, "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," may fall by the very messenger of death in which she has been playfully seated.

#### MOODY AND SANKEY IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE Moody and Sankey revival movement in Philadelphia has been even greater than it was in Brooklyn. The meetings are held in the old Pennsylvania Railroad Freight Depot, at the corner of Thirteenth and Market Streets, and where formerly were heard the bustle of the mule-trains and the clanking of break-chains, now resound the swelling chorus of "Hold the Fort" and "Ninety-and-Nine." The eminent evangelists seem to have found in the characteristic element of Philadelphia society plastic material ready to their hands. Beneath the unruled surface of Quaker City life there are depths of feeling, particularly when the excitement is of a religious character, which only need opportunity for the most enthusiastic expression. Moody and Sankey have vibrated a common chord in the Philadelphia bosom, and we trust their success may be as immense as are the attendances at their missionary services. In our picture we have a spirited representation of the interior of the hall while one of the meetings was in progress.

#### A FAMOUS MEDICAL INSTITUTION.

From the Chicago Times.

"THE name of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has become as familiar to the people all over the country as 'household words.' His wonderful remedies, his pamphlets and books, and his large medical experience, have brought him into prominence and given him a solid reputation. The Times, in the present issue, presents a whole-page communication from Dr. Pierce, and our readers may gain from it some idea of the vast proportions of his business and the merits of his medicines. He has, at Buffalo, a mammoth establishment, appropriately named 'The World's Dispensary,' where patients are treated and the remedies compounded. Here nearly a hundred persons are employed in the several departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians stand ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity by the most approved methods. These physicians are in frequent consultation with Dr. Pierce, and their combined experience is brought to bear on the successful treatment of obstinate cases. The Doctor is a man of large medical experience, and his extensive knowledge of *materia medica* has been acknowledged by presentations of degrees from two of the first Medical Colleges in the land."

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#### FUN.

SOME months ago an Oregon man named his girl baby after Queen Victoria, and wrote to the Queen to that effect. Not hearing from her Majesty, he changed the child's name to Hannah, and went out and pounded the first Englishman he met.

JABEZ's landlady wore seven false front teeth until the centre tooth broke off, and now there are consequently but six. The first invoice of her mince-pies for the full season were served last week. Each top-crust was ornamented by rows of little dots in combinations of six each, with a little blank space in the centre. Jabez is a keen observer. Jabez will infer. Jabez is seeking less artistic fare—in short, not so toothsome!

A GOOD story is told of Bismarck and Wagner. When Wagner was in Berlin last Spring, his friends made great efforts to secure him a sinecure from the Government, so as to induce the great master to make the Imperial capital his home. Wagner, it is said, willingly assented to these efforts, and so it was with great pleasure that he was presented to Bismarck in the salons of a lady prominent in Berlin society. "I have for a long time regretted," said Wagner, "that circumstances have not enabled me to live in the same city with the greatest statesman of this century." "I also regret it," concurred Bismarck; "but, as I have no idea of moving to Munich, I suppose it can't be helped."

A TEXAS SCHOOL INCIDENT.—The San Antonio (Texas) Herald tells the story thus: A few days ago a class was being examined in the Flores Street School about the geography of the State, and particularly in reference to the public institutions, etc., of Austin. But the children all forgot to mention the Lunatic Asylum. The teacher inquired: "Now, boys, is there not another institution at Austin, where those unfortunate persons who have been deprived of their reason are provided with permanent homes at the expense of the State?" "Yes!" answered the class. "What is it called?" inquired the teacher. "The Constitutional Convention!" howled the class in chorus. No wonder the convention is opposed to free schools!

"My son," said a bland old gentleman to a little boy, "would you not like to come to Sunday-school to sing and pray, and hear all about Moses and Aaron, and the whale, and the fiery furnace, Joseph's coat of many colors, and put your pennies in the box?" "Be you going to have a Christmas-tree?" asked the child. "No, answered the old man; "but we are going to spend the money that would be spent for candies and oranges in sending tracts to little heathen children in—"

"That'll do," answered the rude young boy, as he took a sight at the good man; "I don't train with no such Sunday-school as that;" and he departed to stoke a lost dog.

**Dressmaking Made Easy.**—By the use of our Patterns, which may be selected from our Winter Supplement new ready for distribution, including late and fashionable designs, in addition to those represented in our Fall Catalogue for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wardrobes. Send for Catalogue and Supplement, which can be obtained by enclosing a three-cent postage stamp to FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 208 Broadway N. Y. All orders for patterns must be sent to the same address.

**Special Notice.**—Aneurism or Nervous debility, indiscretions of youth or manhood, radically and permanently cured by Dr. L. J. KAHN, M.D., principal and proprietor of Dr. Kahn's magnificent Museum of Art and Science, 688 Broadway. Residence, 41 East Tenth Street, between Broadway and University Place, New York. Hours of consultation from 10 A.M. till 2 P.M., and from 6 till 8 P.M., or by appointment.

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**For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Disorders.** use "Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

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A. J. BICKNELL & Co., 27 Warren Street, N. Y.

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**W. C. WILSON'S**  
New and spacious store is now open in the magnificent brown-stone building lately erected by him on the site so long occupied by his famous Greenhouse at  
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Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

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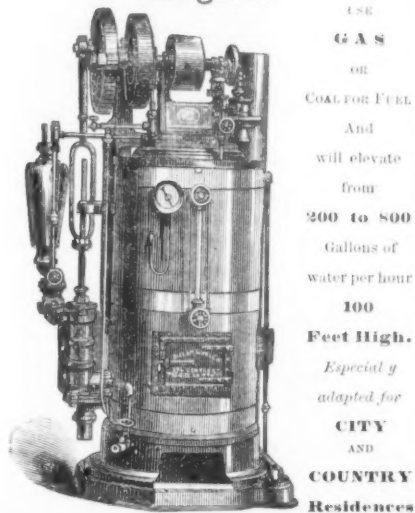
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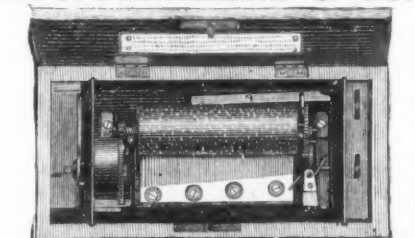
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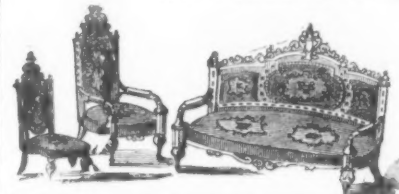
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